

9 WEEKS WINDS OF CHANGE BEST OF TV & MOVIES

FEATURING *young* GODS

Watch the
beautiful Princess
struggle to find the
lost old dog!

PG-13

WINDS OF CHANGE

There's no dog
lost yet, the dog
is that quiet and
unnoticed!

PG-13

FREEBOOTERS

Send all love
to the head with
the big street!



9

JULY 97
32 PGS.BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH
STORYTELLER

FEATURING:

young
GODS

"Would the
beautiful Princess
deign to kiss this
sad old frog?"

ALSO:

PARADISEMAN
THE

"There's no cry
from her, the blow
is that quick and
unexpected--"

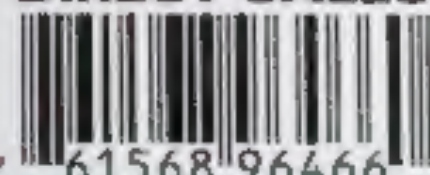
AND:

THE
FREEBOOTERS

"Tonio hit him
on the head with
the big stewpot."

DIRECT SALES

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PREVIOUSLY IN

Our story began on the evening prior to the wedding of not just a disparate bride and groom, but the two great dynasties the celestial couple represents. Unhappy to relinquish his freedom to planned matrimony, Prince Heros, along with his cousin Strangehands and Adastra, sister of the princess-bride-to-be, set off upon one last adventure before the following day's ceremonies.

But their innocent jaunt across the galaxies has taken a complex turn. Spurned and embarrassed by the beautiful Adastra, the impetuous Strangehands soared off into the far-flung heavens, with Heros in pursuit.

Breaching the limits of time and space, the pair found themselves lost within the dreaded maelstrom known as The Eye of the Infinite and challenged by none other than the imperious God called Destiny. In an unwise but courageous confrontation, Heros disappeared in a blaze of Destiny's judgmental ire. 

Meanwhile, Princess Adastra has become reacquainted with Aragon. Posing as the Keeper of the Dragons but seeming more a prisoner of the Abraxum creatures than their monarch, he is a man of doubtful purpose and perhaps a little too needful of Adastra's company...

YOUNG GODS

Barry Windsor-Smith: STORYTELLER Vol. 1 No. 9

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FIEND--! WHAT
HAST THOU DONE?!

IN COLD BLOOD
HAST THOU STRUCK
PRINCE HEROS--!

THOU BASE
ASSASSIN!

Uhh-- WHAT
NAME DIDST THOU
UTTER?

AT WHAT PROVOCATION
DOETH DESTINY BECOME
A SLAYER OF GODS?!

HEROS, DIDST
THOU SAY?

'PON THY TONGUE
HIS REVERED NAME
IS DEBASED!

COULD THAT
BE--HEROS, SON
OF OTAN?

THE ALL-FATHER
OTAN SHALL REND
THESE HEAVENS AND
THEE WITH ALL,
THOU VILLAIN!

BY ALL THE
WORLDS--! WHATE'ER
HATH I BROUGHT?!

BIDE THEE HERE
FOR MY RETURN.



NO, THANKS ANYWAY, ARA-- I RECKON MY FRIENDS'LL BE LOOKING FOR ME,

BUT A SMALL TASTE, ADASTRA, HARGH!

NO, I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE SURFACE OR THEY MIGHT WORRY.

SO IT WAS NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN.



MATILDA, GET THEE TO THE LAND AND AWAIT ADASTRA'S COMPANIONS--

HRAGH!

WHEN THEY ARRIVE, BRING THEM HERE.



THERE, MILADY, ART THOU SATISFIED?

THEY REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SAY, HUH?

THAT'S SO COOL!

HARGH!



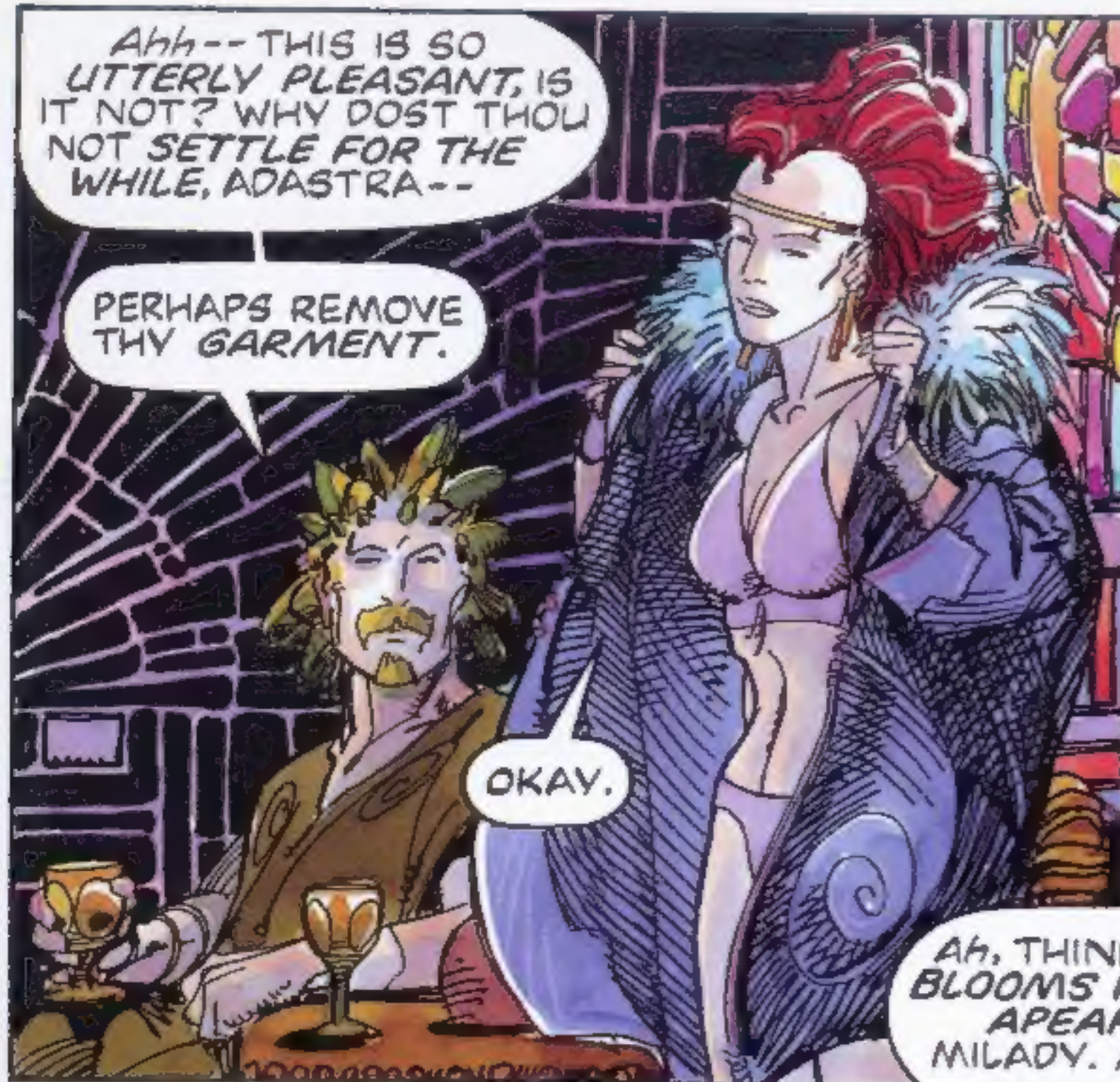
SIT THEN, PRINCESS, ENJOY A GLASS WITH AN OLD FRIEND...

AFORE THOU DOST LEAVE HIM ENTIRE. HARGH!

OKAY, ARAGON--

I NEVER COULD RESIST FREE BOOZE.

CHEERS.



Ahh-- THIS IS SO UTTERLY PLEASANT, IS IT NOT? WHY DOST THOU NOT SETTLE FOR THE WHILE, ADASTRA--

PERHAPS REMOVE THY GARMENT.

OKAY.

AH, THINE TWIN BLOOMS ARE STILL APEAK-ED, MILADY. HARGH!



YEAH, RIGHT--

Y'KNOW, IT'S A BIT CHILLY IN HERE FOR ME--

I'LL KEEP YOUR COAT ON.

THOU'RT CHILLED--?



WHEN HATH YE GODS BEEN SUBJECT TO CHILL?

Uhhm--

BRRR!

IT'S ALL PART OF THE CURSE MY MOTHER SET ON ME-- 'CAUSE OF... Y'KNOW.



SHE DISOWNED ME... BANISHED ME FROM ORGASMA, TOOK MY POWER OF FLIGHT AWAY AND ALL SORTS OF SHIT--

AND SHE MADE ME... UH... CHILLY.

PARDON MY PRESUMPTION OF DOUBT, PRINCESS--



BUT I RECALL THAT JUST A WHILE GONE THOU WERT BOTH FLYING AND LIGHTLY APPARELED.

RIGHT--

FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT--

WHEN WE MET I'D ONLY JUST THAT MOMENT RECOVERED MY ABILITY TO FLY--



AND SO...

Y'KNOW--

I WAS FLYING AROUND TRYING TO KEEP WARM.

YYUP!

HARGH!



young GODS

CHAPTER TEN

WATCH THE

OW!

STEPS.

COME ON--
KEEP UP.

WE'VE GOT A LOT
TO DO IF WE'RE TO
FIND YOUR KIN.

THE YOUNG GODS SAGA
IS DEDICATED TO THE
EVERLASTING MEMORY OF
JACK KIRBY (1917-1994).



WHAT SAYEST--?

HEROS YET LIVES?

MAYBE, DEPENDS WHAT MY GRAND-FATHER DID TO HIM.

WHO ART THOU? WHERE ARE WE?

KEEP YOUR FEET UP, LAD--

NO TIME FOR CHATTER.



THIS DOTH RESEMBLE THE CHAMBERS OF TRUTH--

AS IS 'PON ALL-WORLDS.

G'MORNING, GAEA,

YOU OKAY, DELPHA?

NO, GRANDPA GOT OUT AGAIN.

Oh, NOT AGAIN!

YEP, AND HE WHACKED SOME GOD OR OTHER.



THIS'S HIS BROTHER, WHO WAS THERE...

HE LOOKS A BIT SHAKEN SO HE MUST'VE GOT CAUGHT UP IN GRANDPA'S EYE OF THE INFINITE--

THAT RIGHT, YOUNG LAD?

Uh...

STILL A BIT DAZED, EH?

CONFUSED, AYE...

WE'RE SO SORRY ABOUT THIS-- MISTER...?

STRANGEHANDS AM I, MILADY.



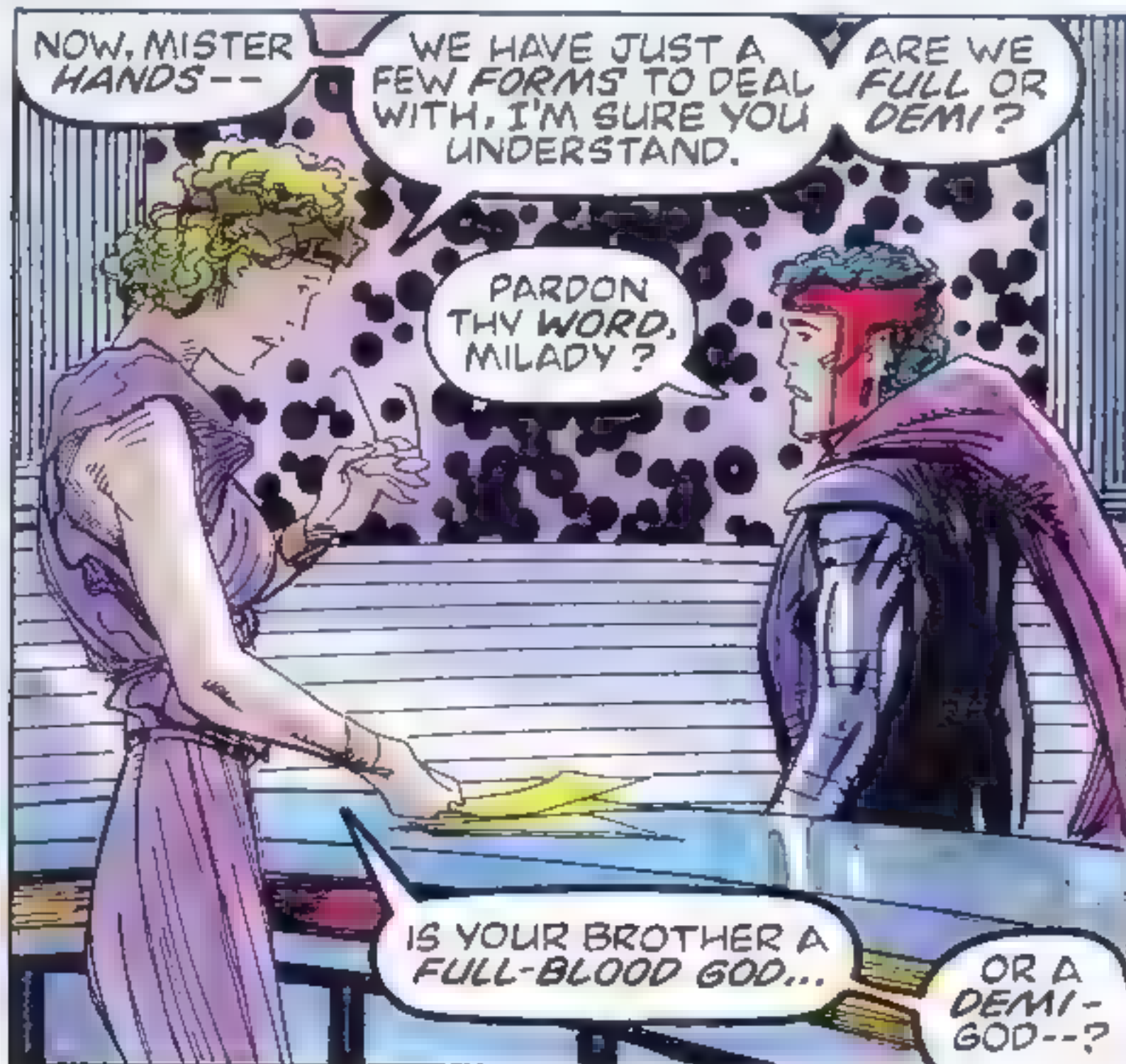
ALRIGHT, YOU LOOK AFTER STRANGEHANDS, SIS--

OF COURSE.

I'LL GO TALK TO GRAND-PA.

WHERE IS HE NOW, DELPHA?

I SENT HIM TO THE HALLS OF SORROW--FOR SOME PENITENCE.



NOW, MISTER HANDS--

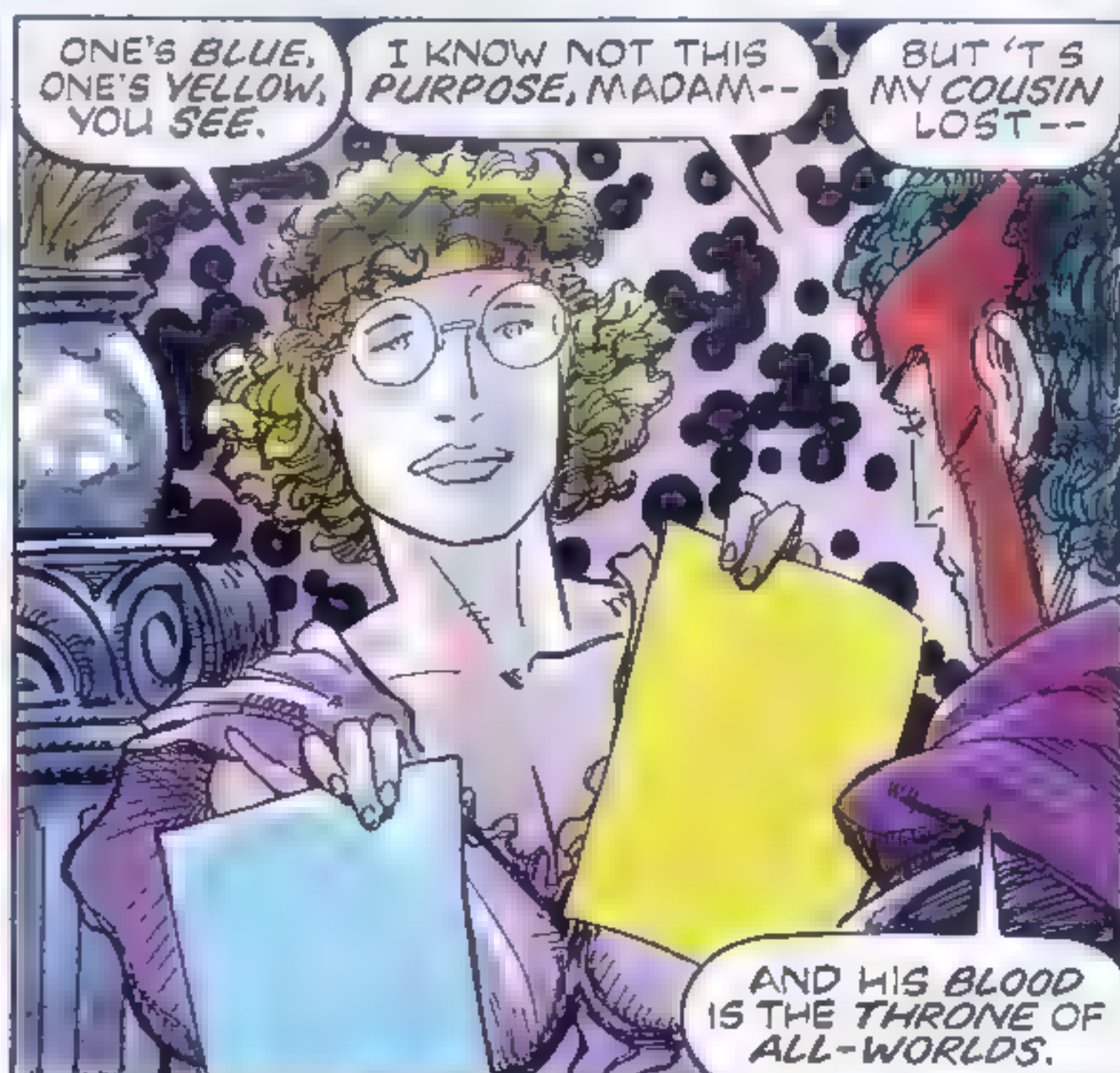
WE HAVE JUST A FEW FORMS TO DEAL WITH, I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.

ARE WE FULL OR DEMI?

PARDON THY WORD, MILADY?

IS YOUR BROTHER A FULL-BLOOD GOD...

OR A DEMI-GOD--?

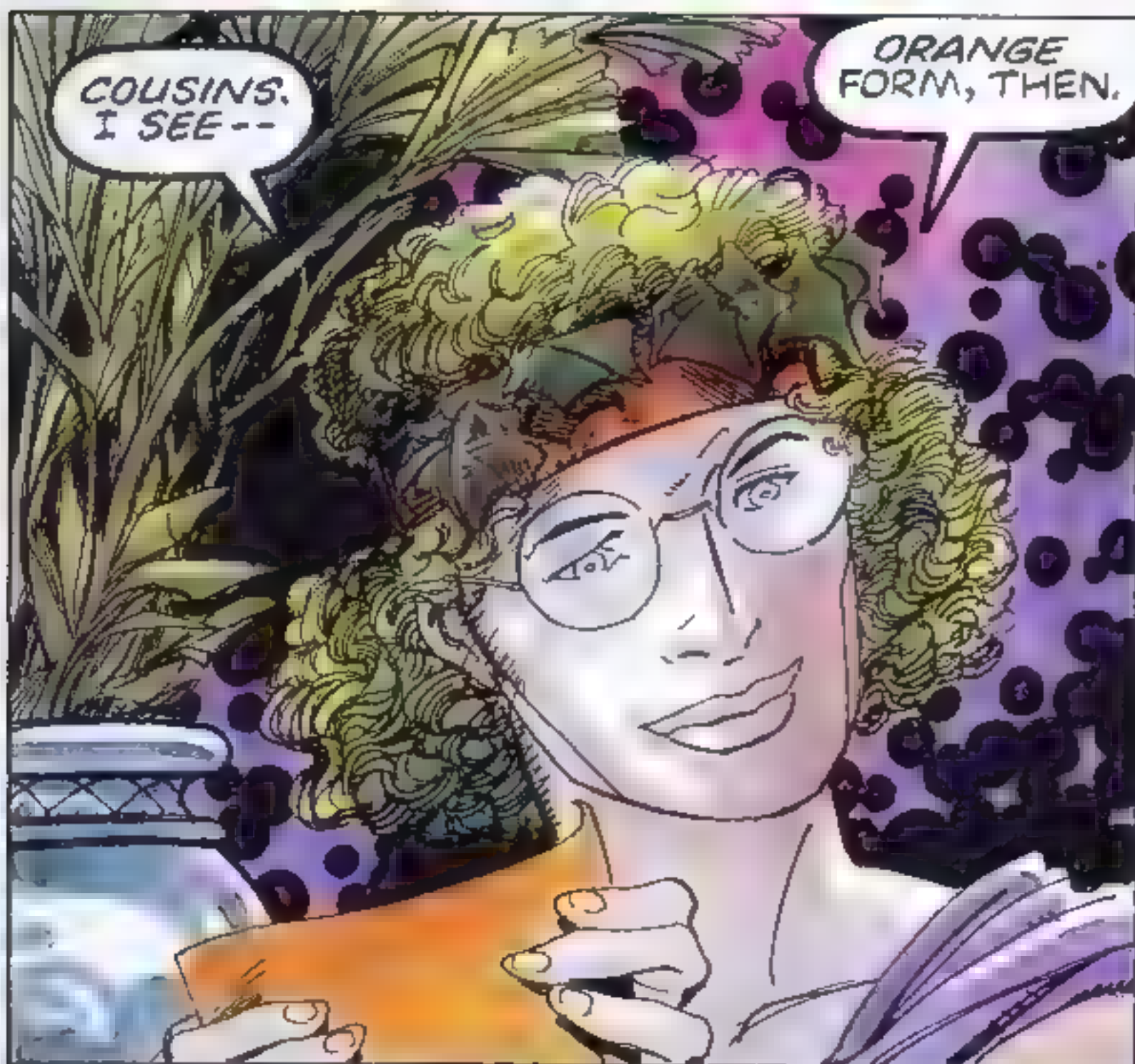


ONE'S BLUE, ONE'S YELLOW, YOU SEE.

I KNOW NOT THIS PURPOSE, MADAM--

BUT 'T S MY COUSIN LOST--

AND HIS BLOOD IS THE THRONE OF ALL-WORLDS.



COUSINS. I SEE--

ORANGE FORM, THEN.



DELPHA--

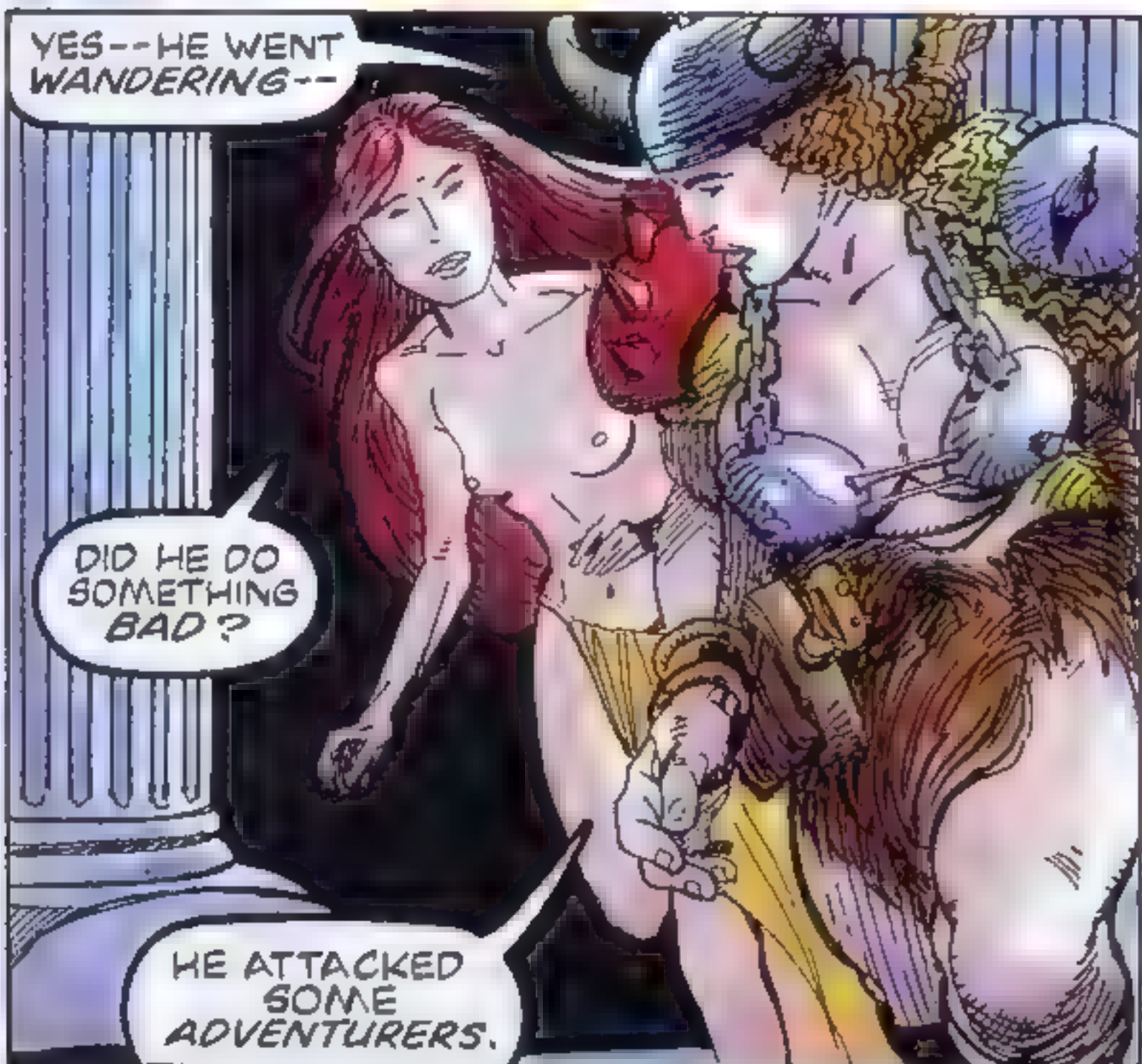
DELPHA, STOP!

I AM BUSY, ARIA--LEAVE ME BE.

YOU'RE UPSET. I CAN TELL--

IT'S ABOUT GRANDPAPA, ISN'T IT--

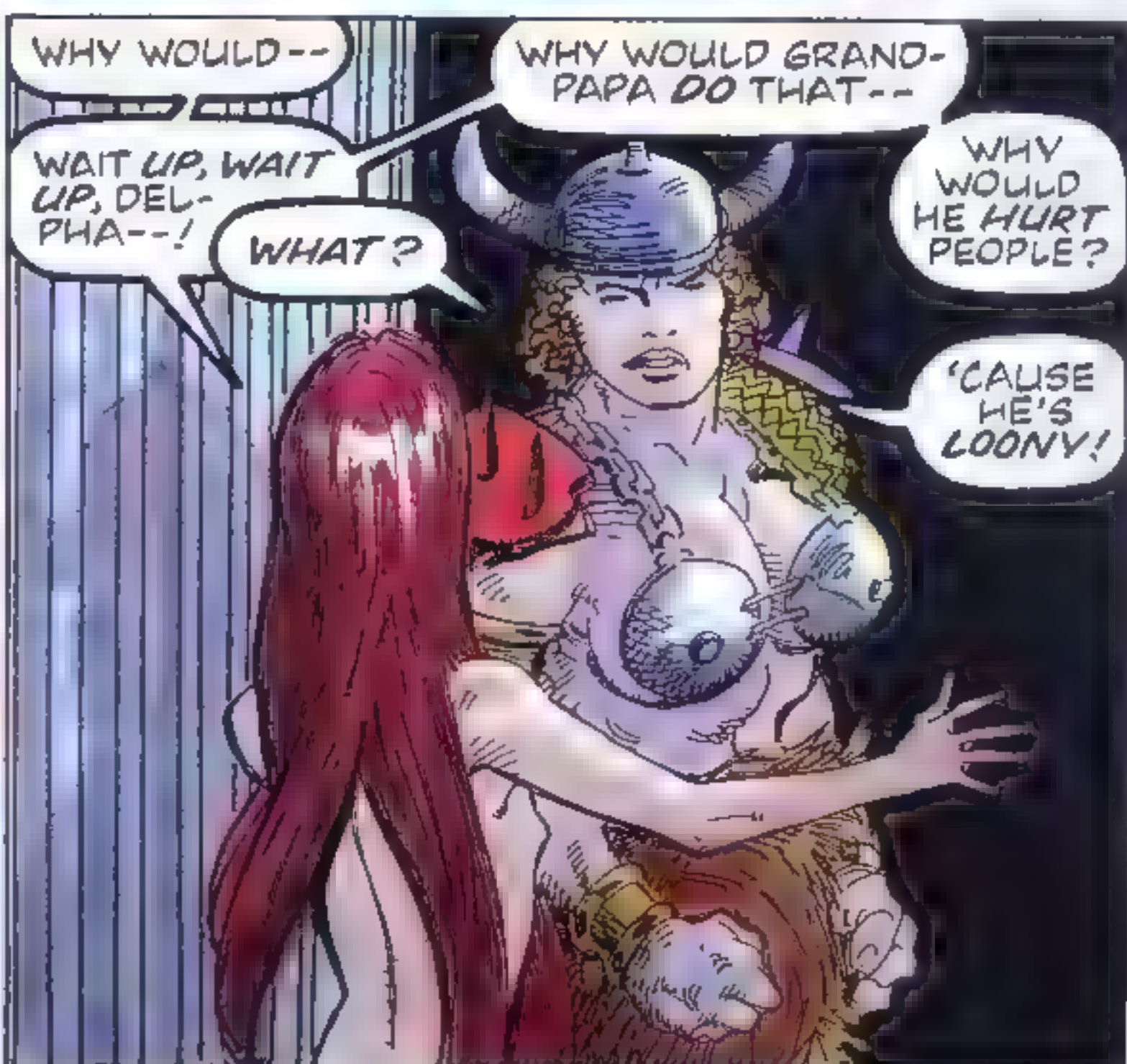
DID HE GO WANDERING AGAIN?



YES--HE WENT WANDERING--

DID HE DO SOMETHING BAD?

HE ATTACKED SOME ADVENTURERS.



WHY WOULD--

WHY WOULD GRANDPAPA DO THAT--

WAIT UP, WAIT UP, DELPHA--!

WHAT?

WHY WOULD HE HURT PEOPLE?

'CAUSE HE'S LOONY!



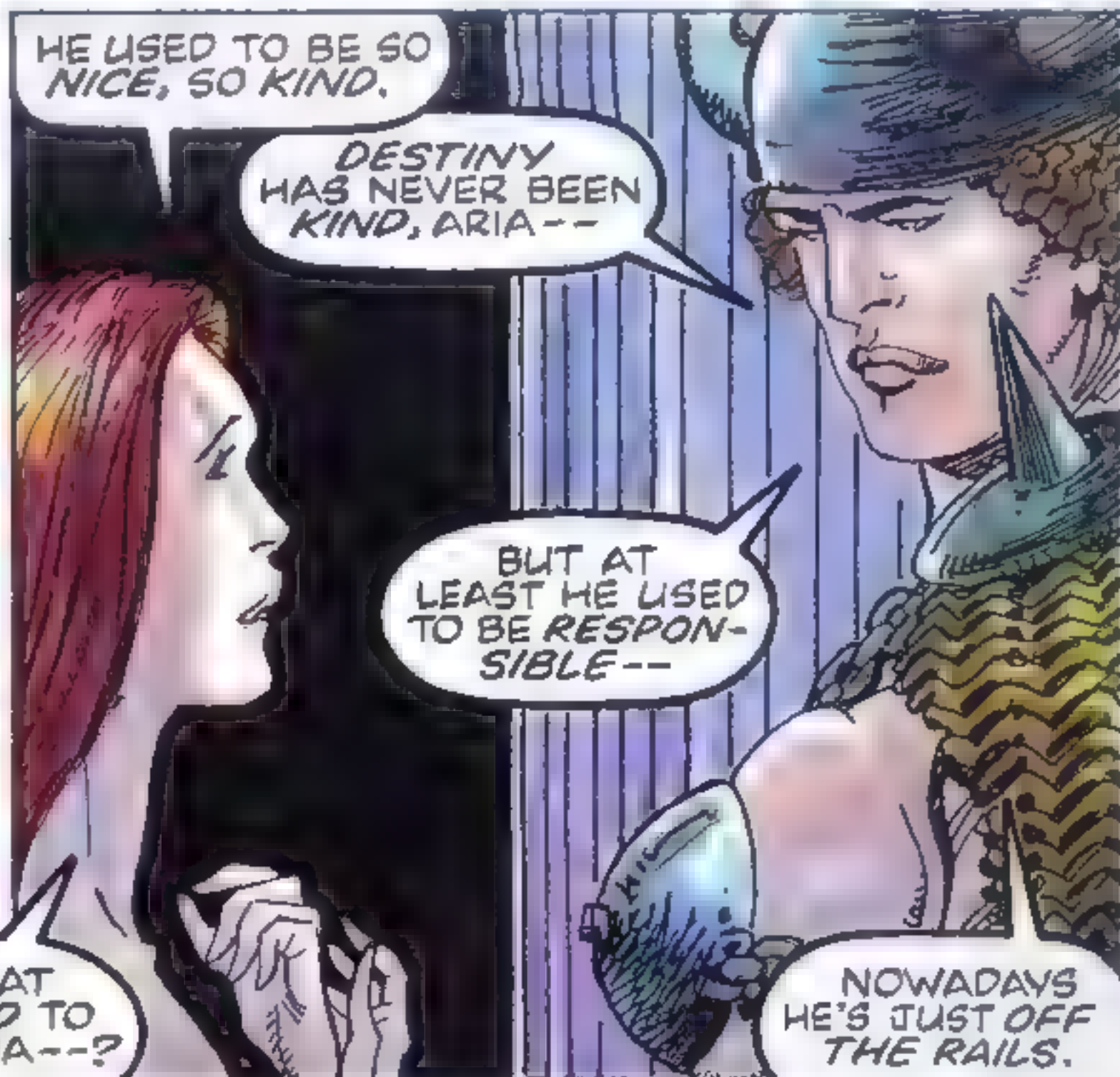
AND I RECKON IT'S TIME WE CHOPPED HIM UP FOR FUEL!

Oh--

THAT'S A TERRIBLE THING TO SAY ABOUT GRANDPAPA!

ONLY IF IT WASN'T TRUE, LITTLE SIS.

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, DELPHA--?

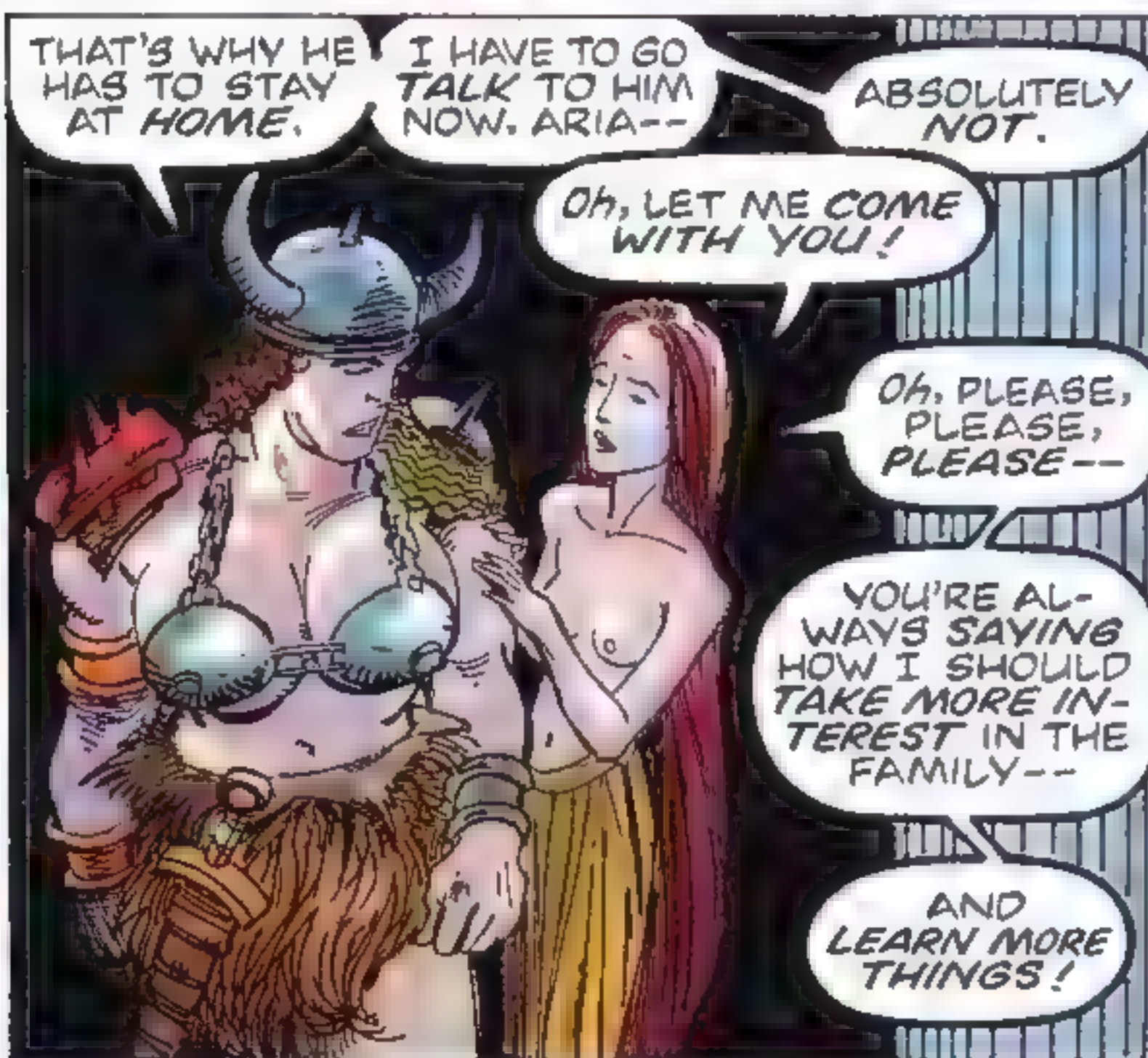


HE USED TO BE SO NICE, SO KIND.

DESTINY HAS NEVER BEEN KIND, ARIA--

BUT AT LEAST HE USED TO BE RESPONSIBLE--

NOWADAYS HE'S JUST OFF THE RAILS.



THAT'S WHY HE HAS TO STAY AT HOME.

I HAVE TO GO TALK TO HIM NOW, ARIA--

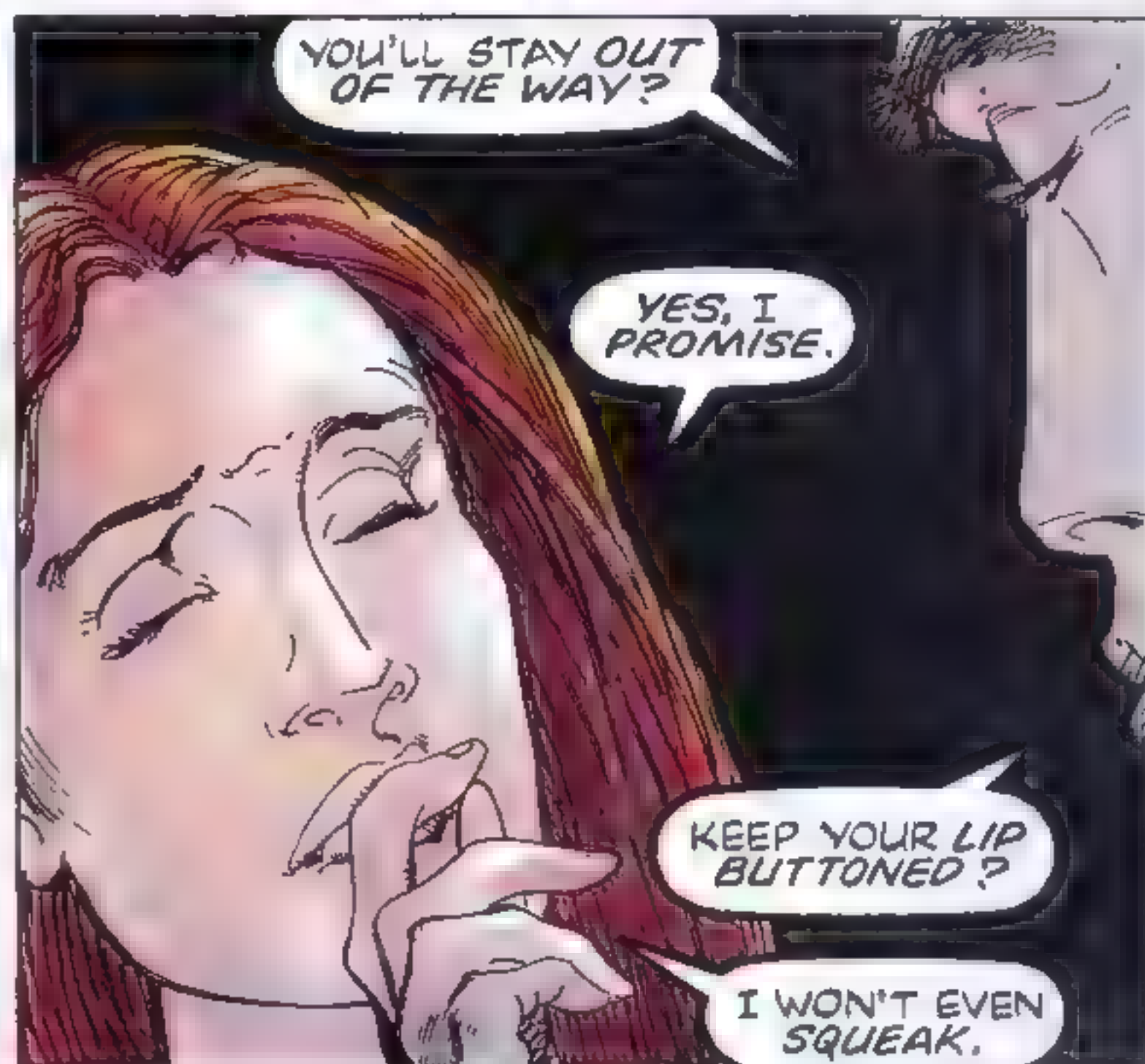
ABSOLUTELY NOT.

Oh, LET ME COME WITH YOU!

Oh, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE--

YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING HOW I SHOULD TAKE MORE INTEREST IN THE FAMILY--

AND LEARN MORE THINGS!

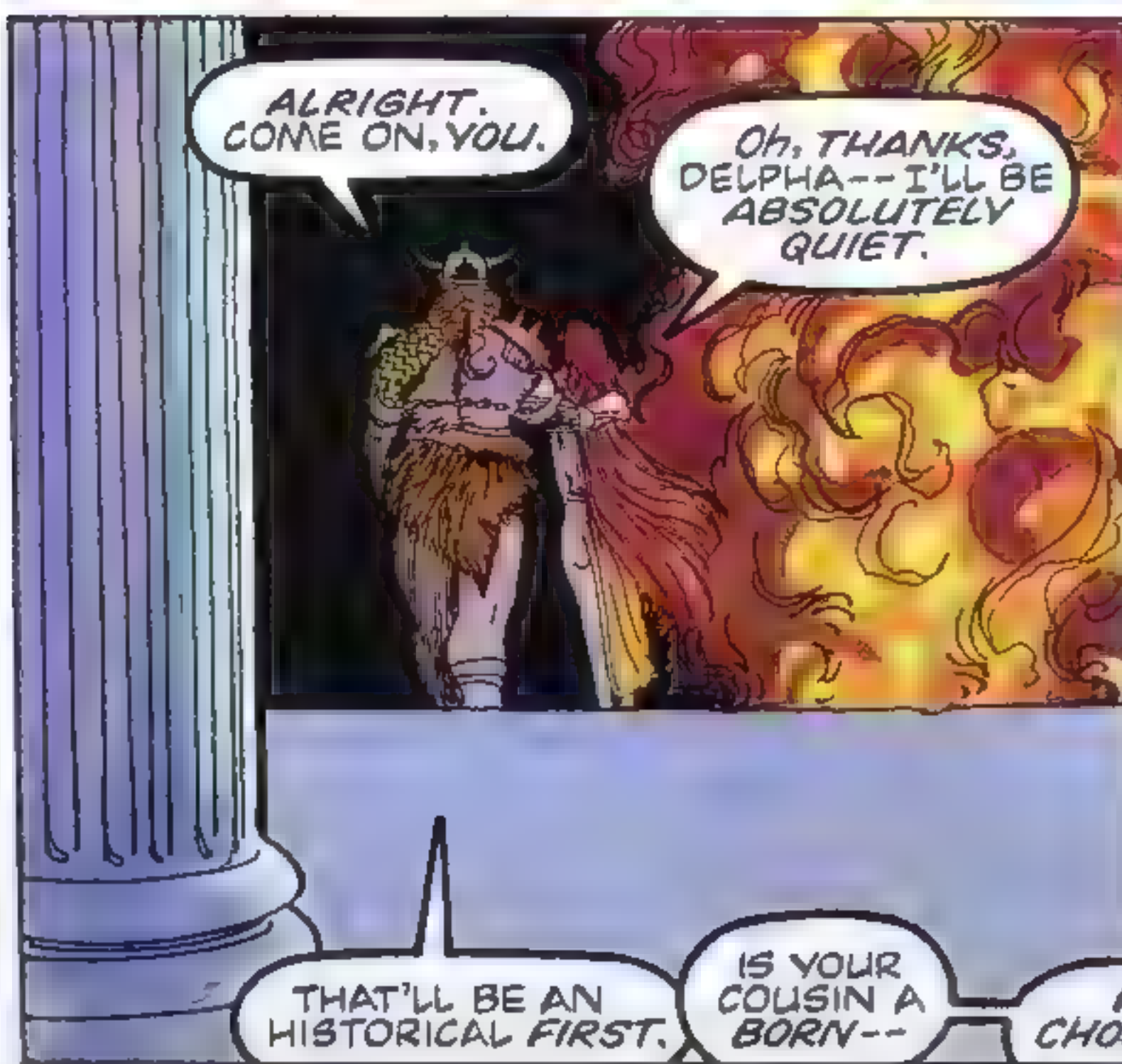


YOU'LL STAY OUT OF THE WAY?

YES, I PROMISE.

KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED?

I WON'T EVEN SQUEAK.



ALRIGHT. COME ON, YOU.

Oh, THANKS, DELPHA-- I'LL BE ABSOLUTELY QUIET.

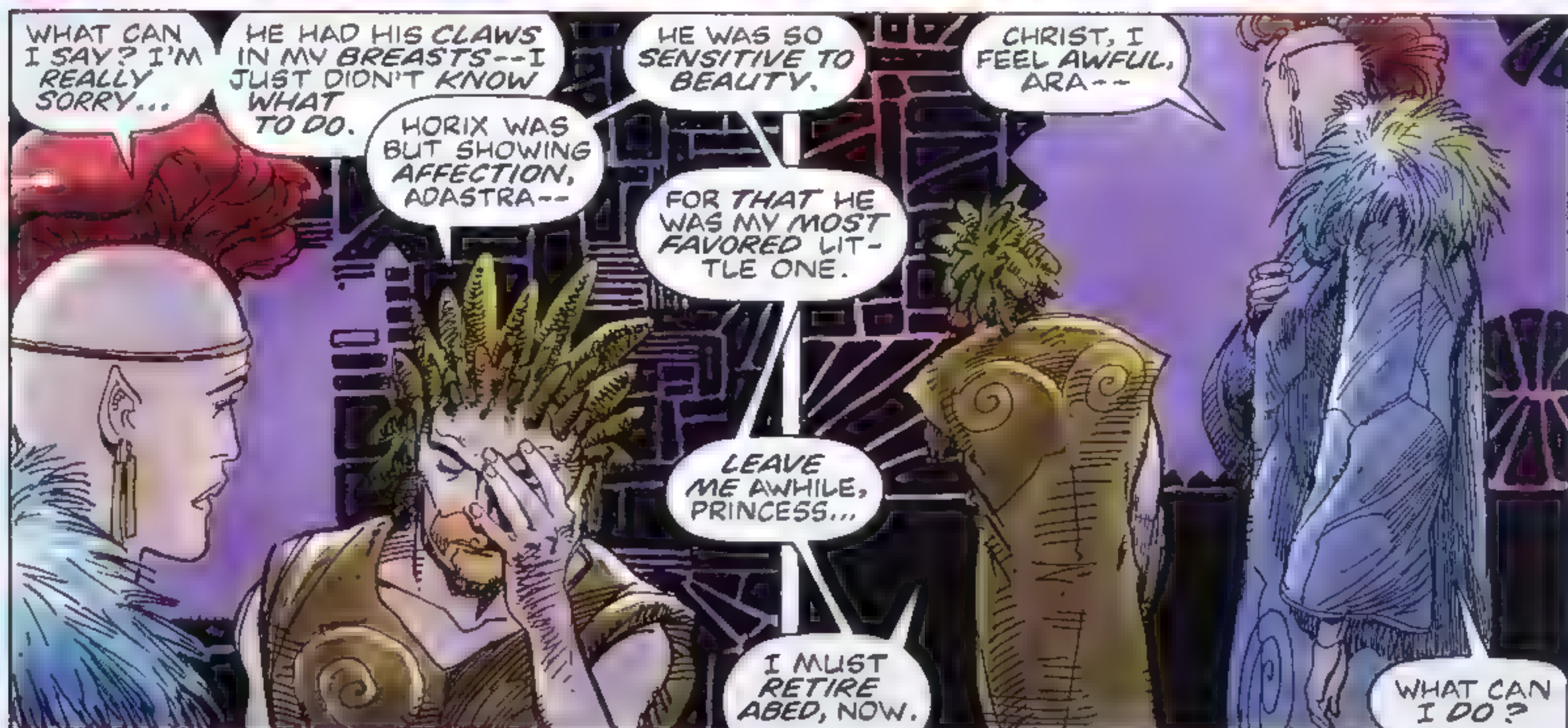
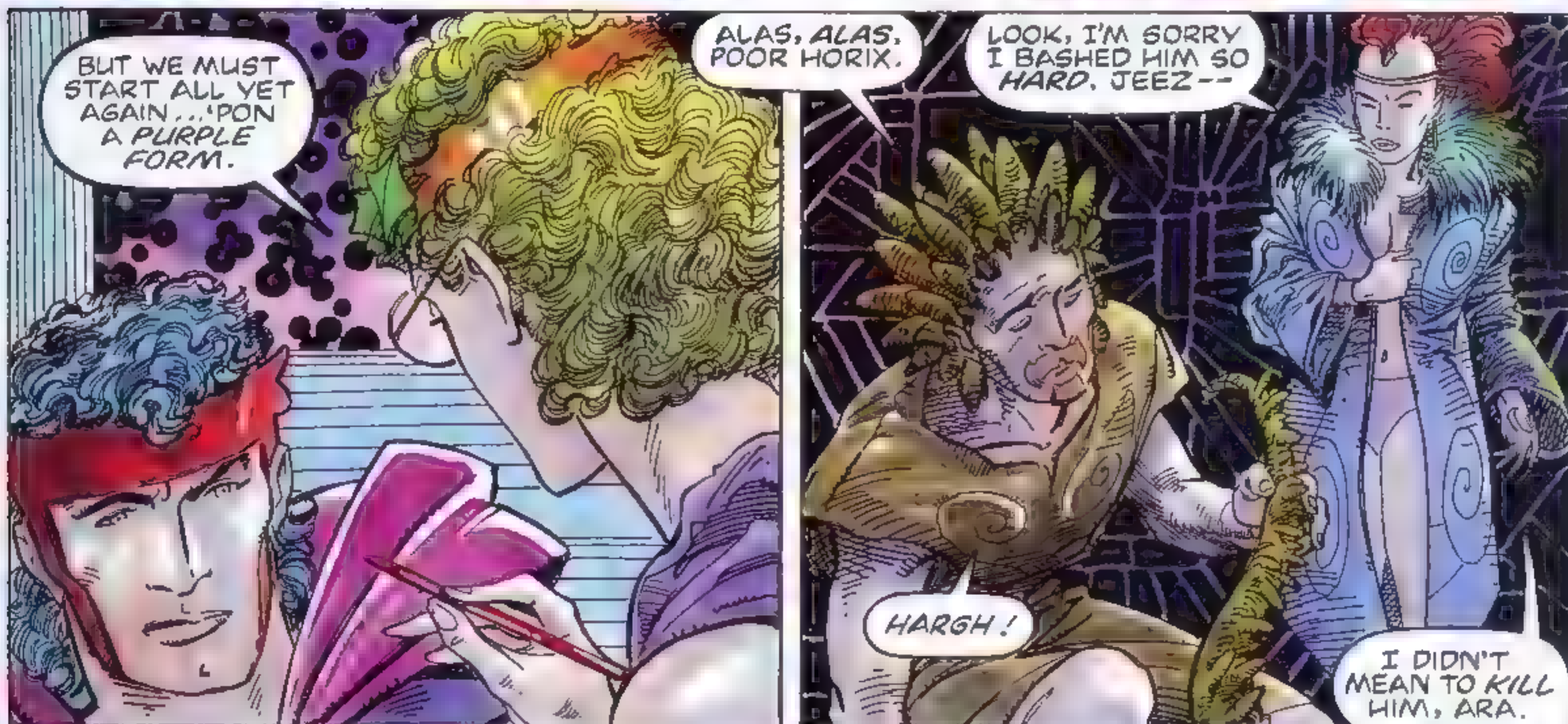
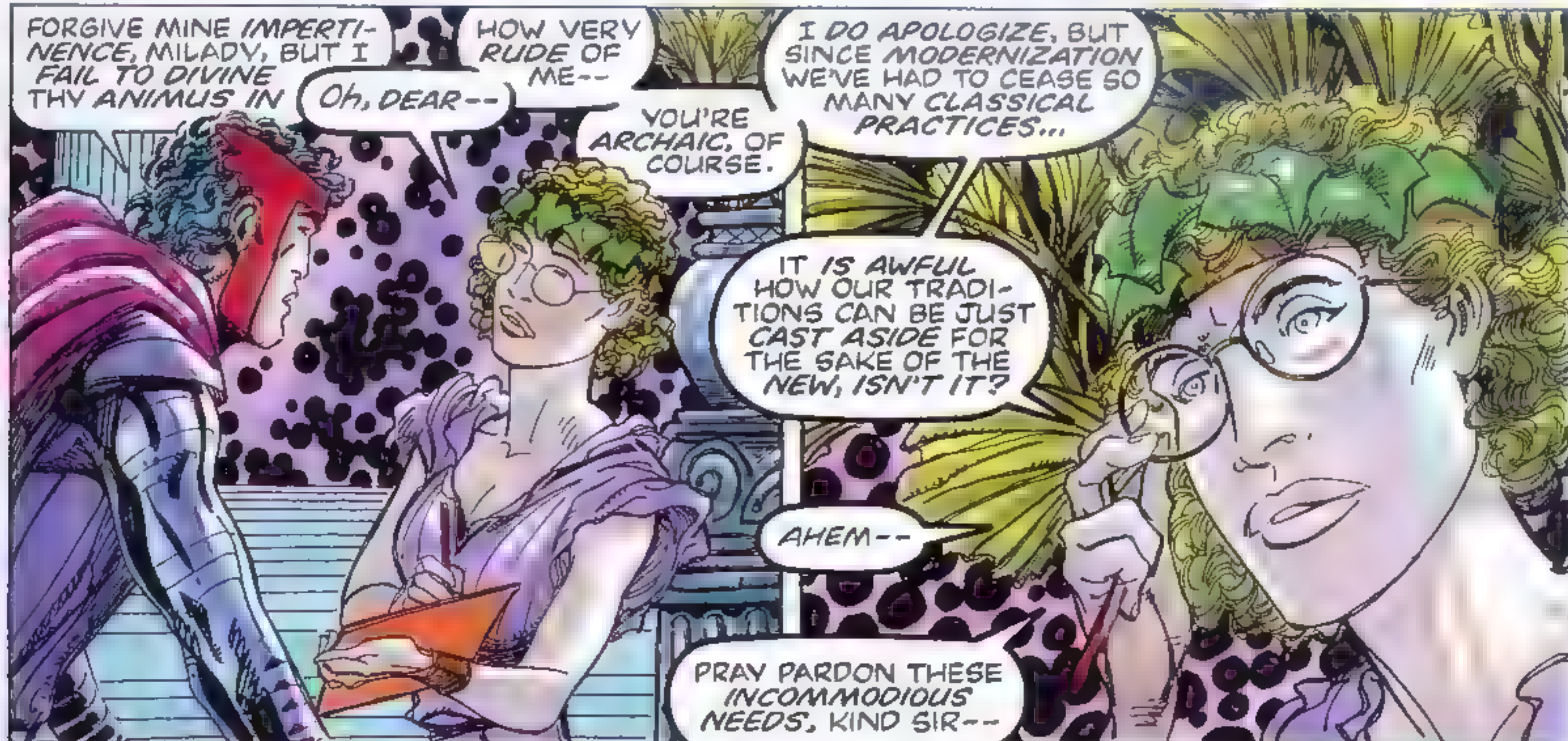
THAT'LL BE AN HISTORICAL FIRST.

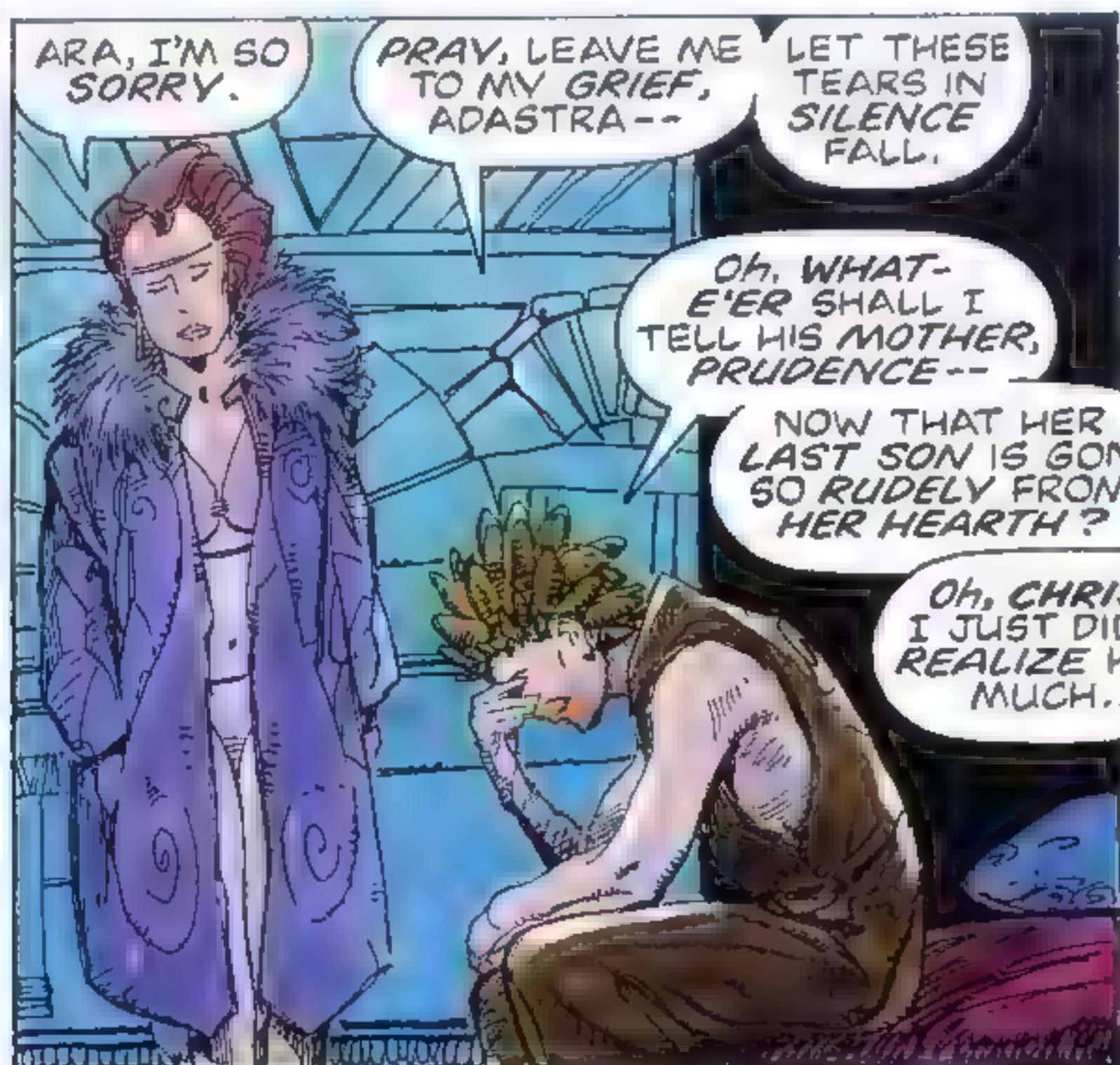
IS YOUR COUSIN A BORN--

A CHOSEN--



OR ANY-SORT-OF-SELF-APPOINTED GOD?





ARA, I'M SO SORRY.

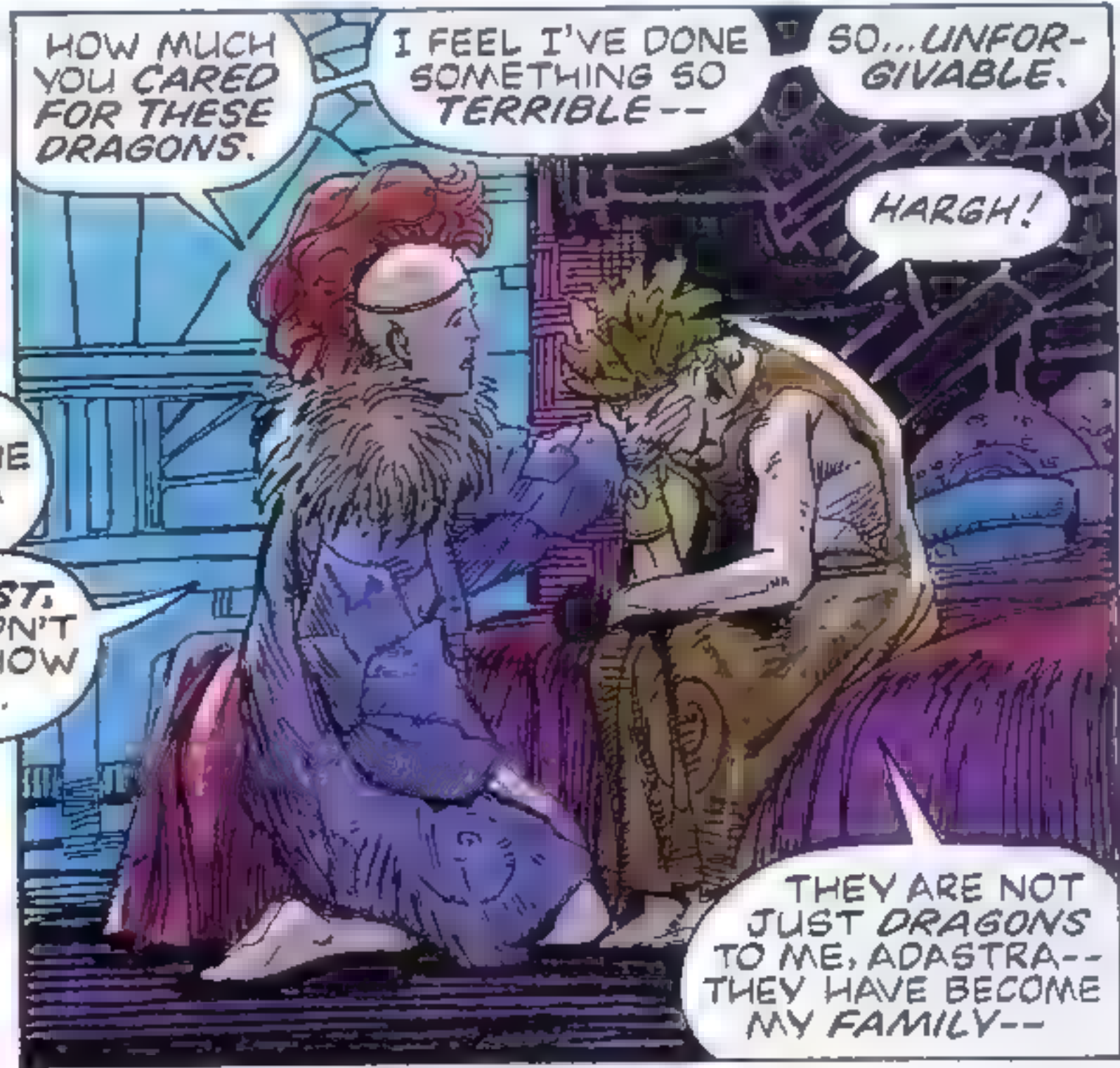
PRAY, LEAVE ME TO MY GRIEF, ADASTRA--

LET THESE TEARS IN SILENCE FALL.

OH, WHAT-E'ER SHALL I TELL HIS MOTHER, PRUDENCE--

NOW THAT HER LAST SON IS GONE SO RUDELY FROM HER HEARTH?

Oh, CHRIST, I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH...



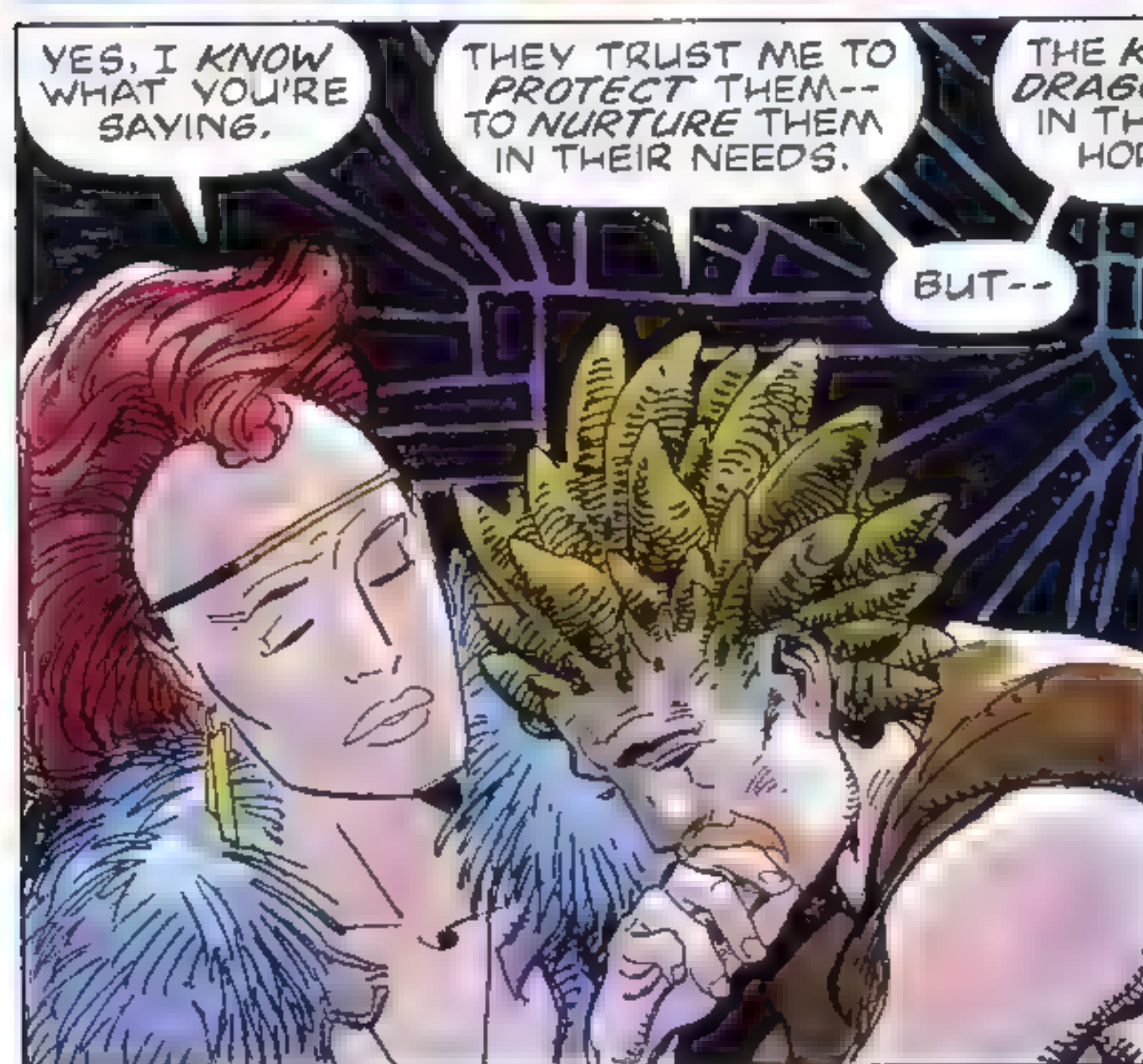
HOW MUCH YOU CARED FOR THESE DRAGONS.

I FEEL I'VE DONE SOMETHING SO TERRIBLE--

SO...UNFORGIVABLE.

HARGH!

THEY ARE NOT JUST DRAGONS TO ME, ADASTRA-- THEY HAVE BECOME MY FAMILY--

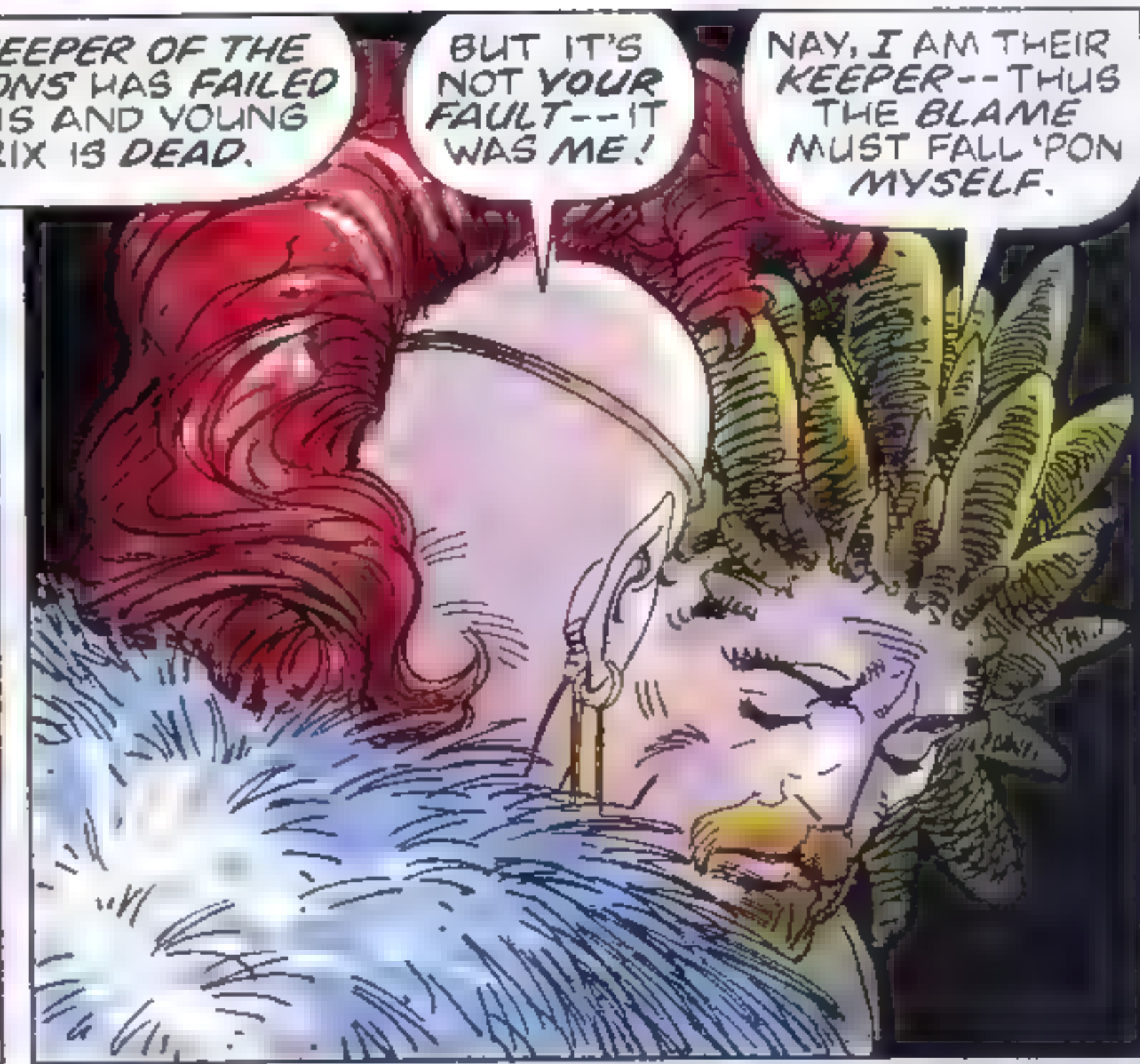


YES, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.

THEY TRUST ME TO PROTECT THEM-- TO NURTURE THEM IN THEIR NEEDS.

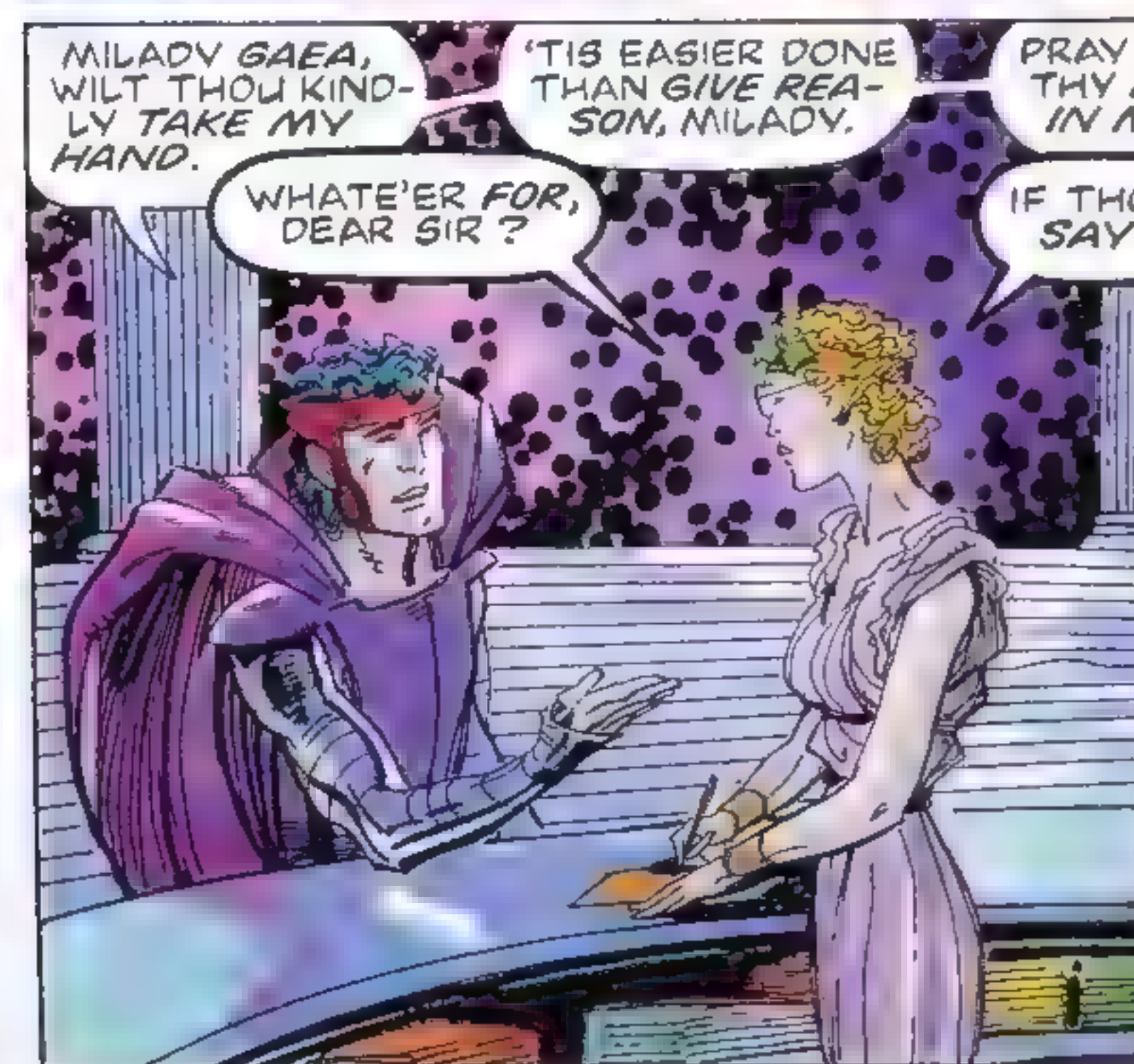
THE KEEPER OF THE DRAGONS HAS FAILED IN THIS AND YOUNG HORIX IS DEAD.

BUT--



BUT IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT-- IT WAS ME!

NAY, I AM THEIR KEEPER-- THUS THE BLAME MUST FALL 'PON MYSELF.



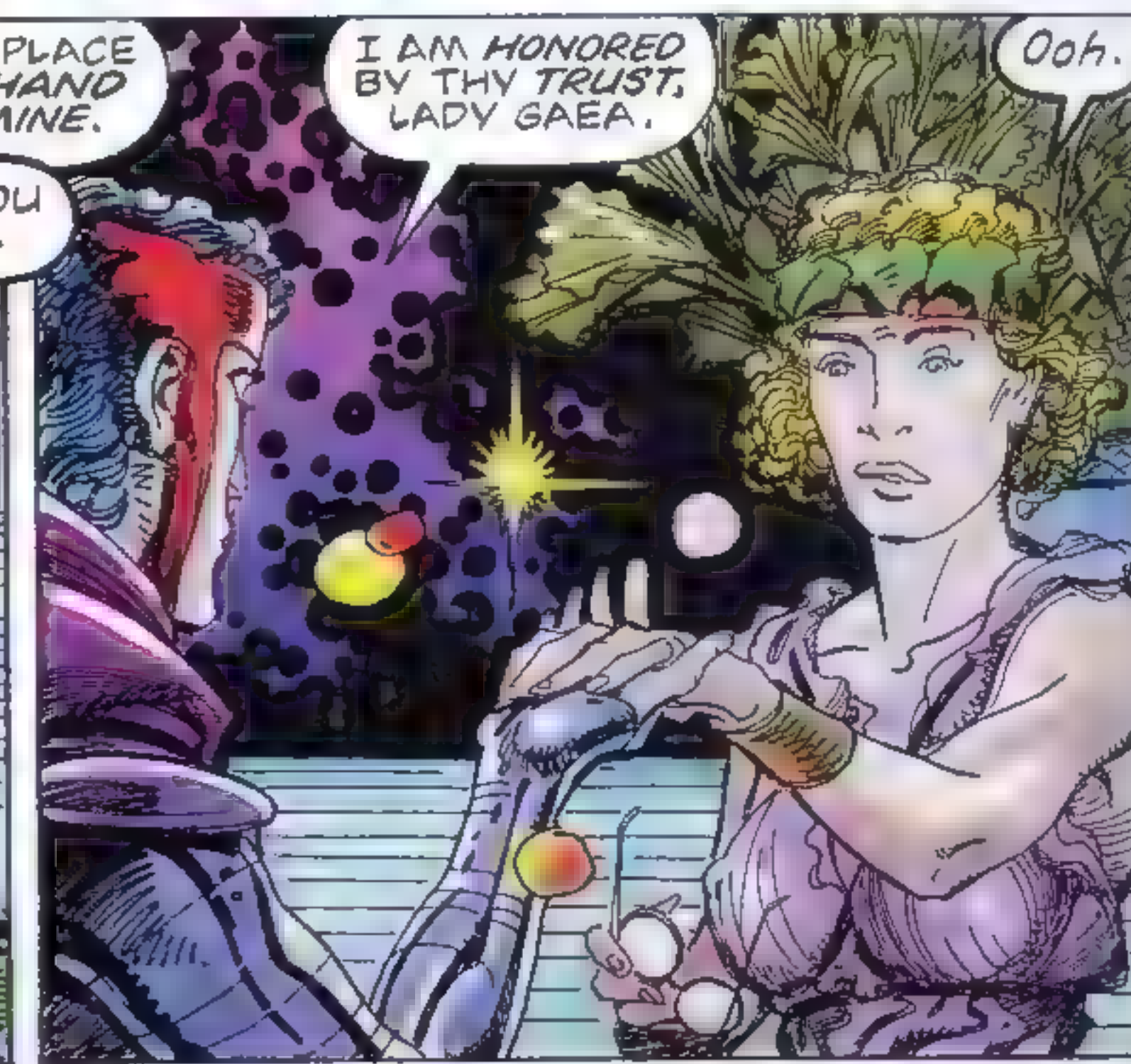
MILADY GAEA, WILT THOU KINDLY TAKE MY HAND.

'TIS EASIER DONE THAN GIVE REASON, MILADY.

PRAY PLACE THY HAND IN MINE.

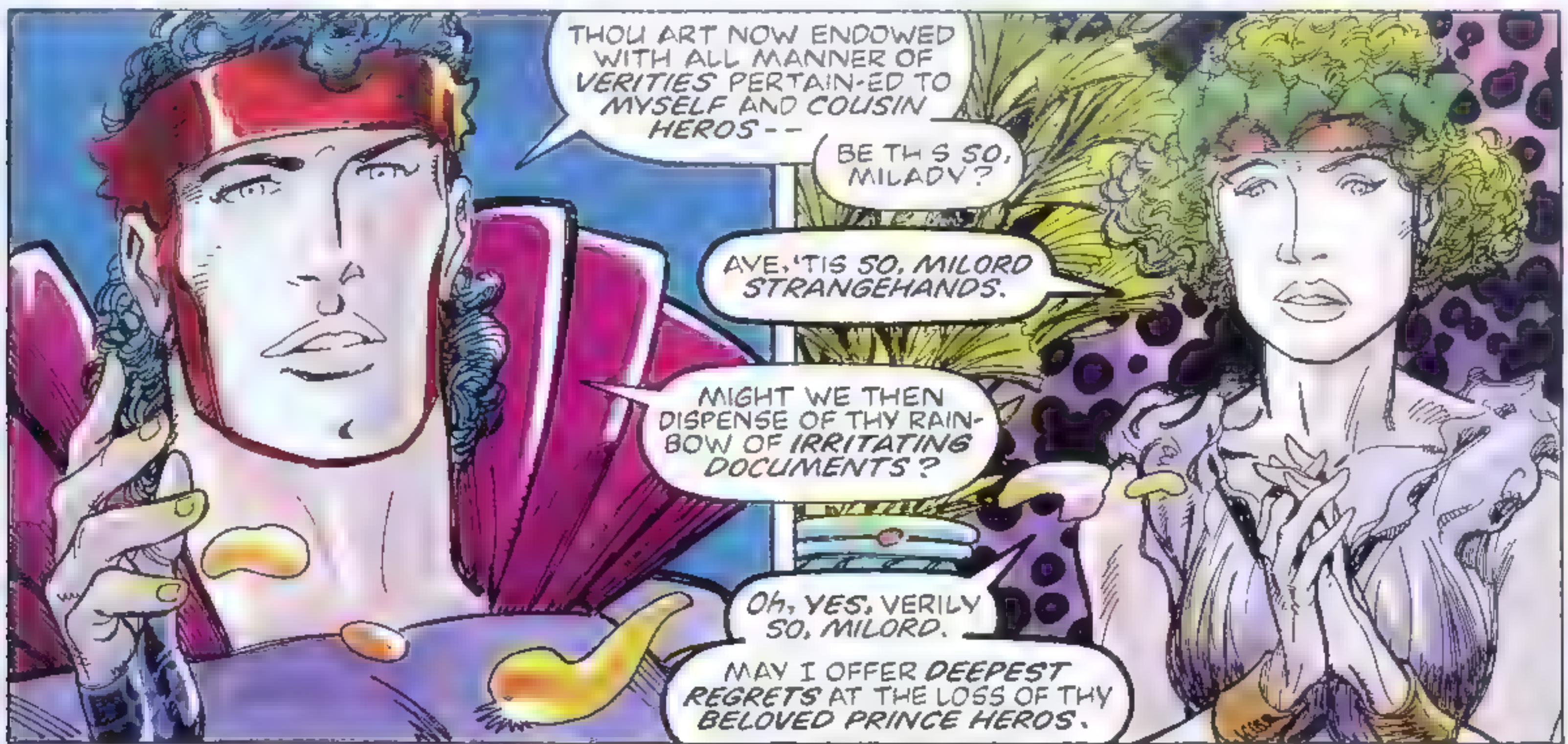
WHATE'ER FOR, DEAR SIR?

IF THOU SAY.



I AM HONORED BY THY TRUST, LADY GAEA.

Ooh.



THOU ART NOW ENDOWED
WITH ALL MANNER OF
VERITIES PERTAINED TO
MYSELF AND COUSIN
HEROS--

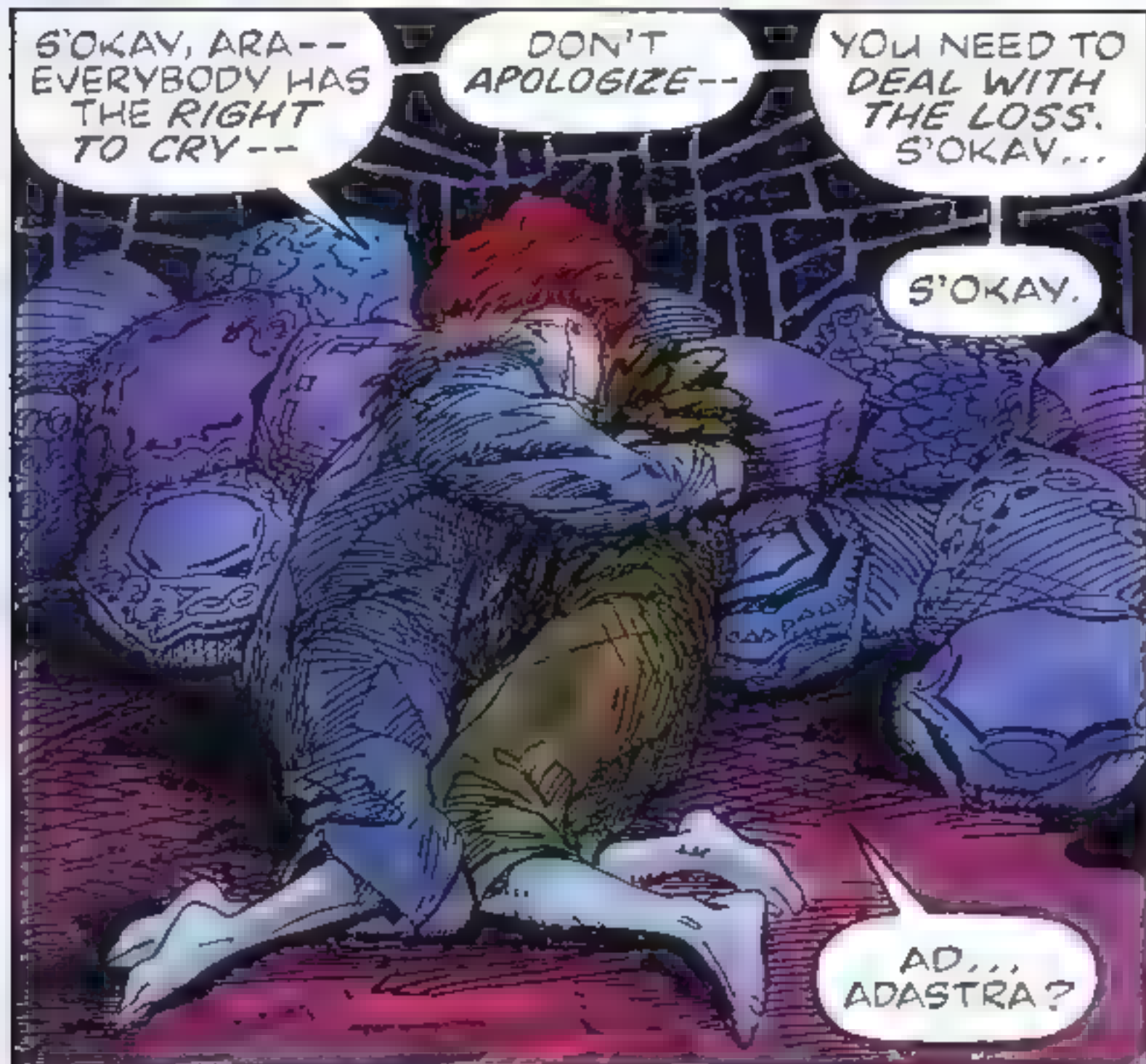
BE TH'S SO,
MILADY?

AVE, 'TIS SO, MILORD
STRANGEHANDS.

MIGHT WE THEN
DISPENSE OF THY RAIN-
BOW OF IRRITATING
DOCUMENTS?

Oh, YES, VERILY
SO, MILORD.

MAY I OFFER DEEPEST
REGRETS AT THE LOSS OF THY
BELOVED PRINCE HEROS.



S'OKAY, ARA--
EVERYBODY HAS
THE RIGHT
TO CRY--

DON'T
APOLOGIZE--

YOU NEED TO
DEAL WITH
THE LOSS.
S'OKAY...

S'OKAY.

AD...
ADASTRA?



WOULD...WOULD THE
BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS--

Hmm?

DEIGN TO
KISS--

THIS SAD OLD FROG?



ALRIGHT--

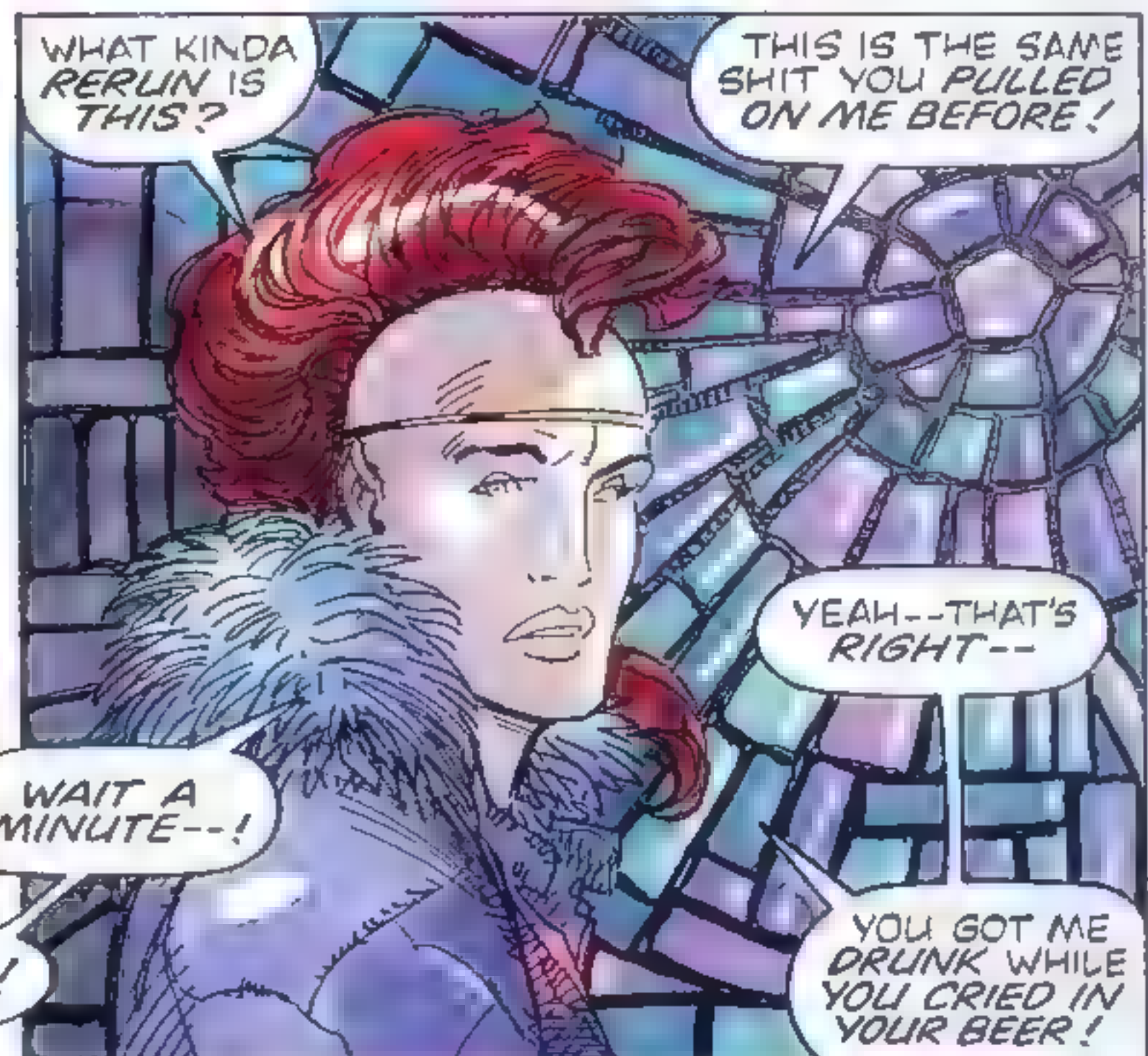
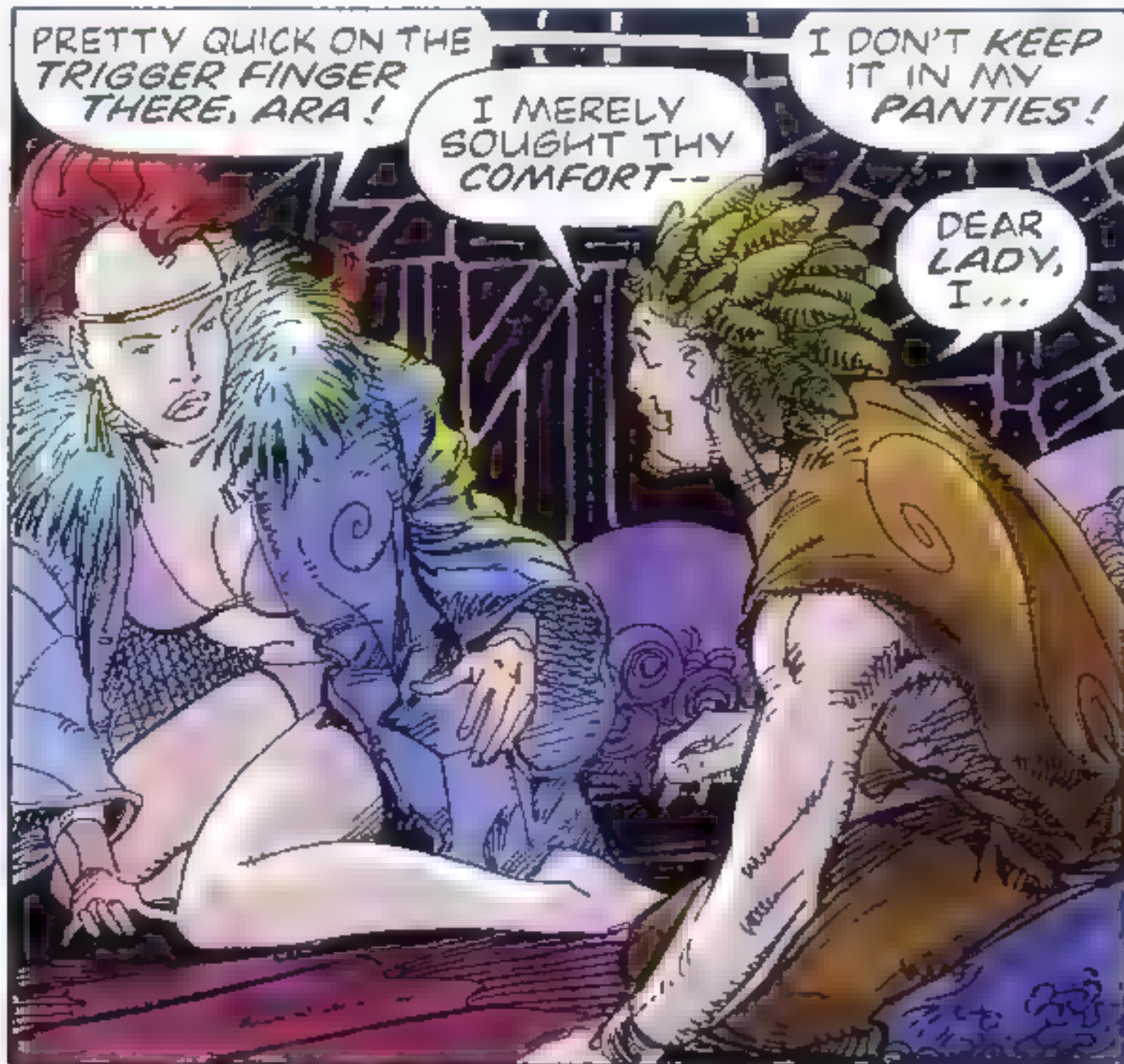
JUST THIS
ONCE MORE...

HEY!

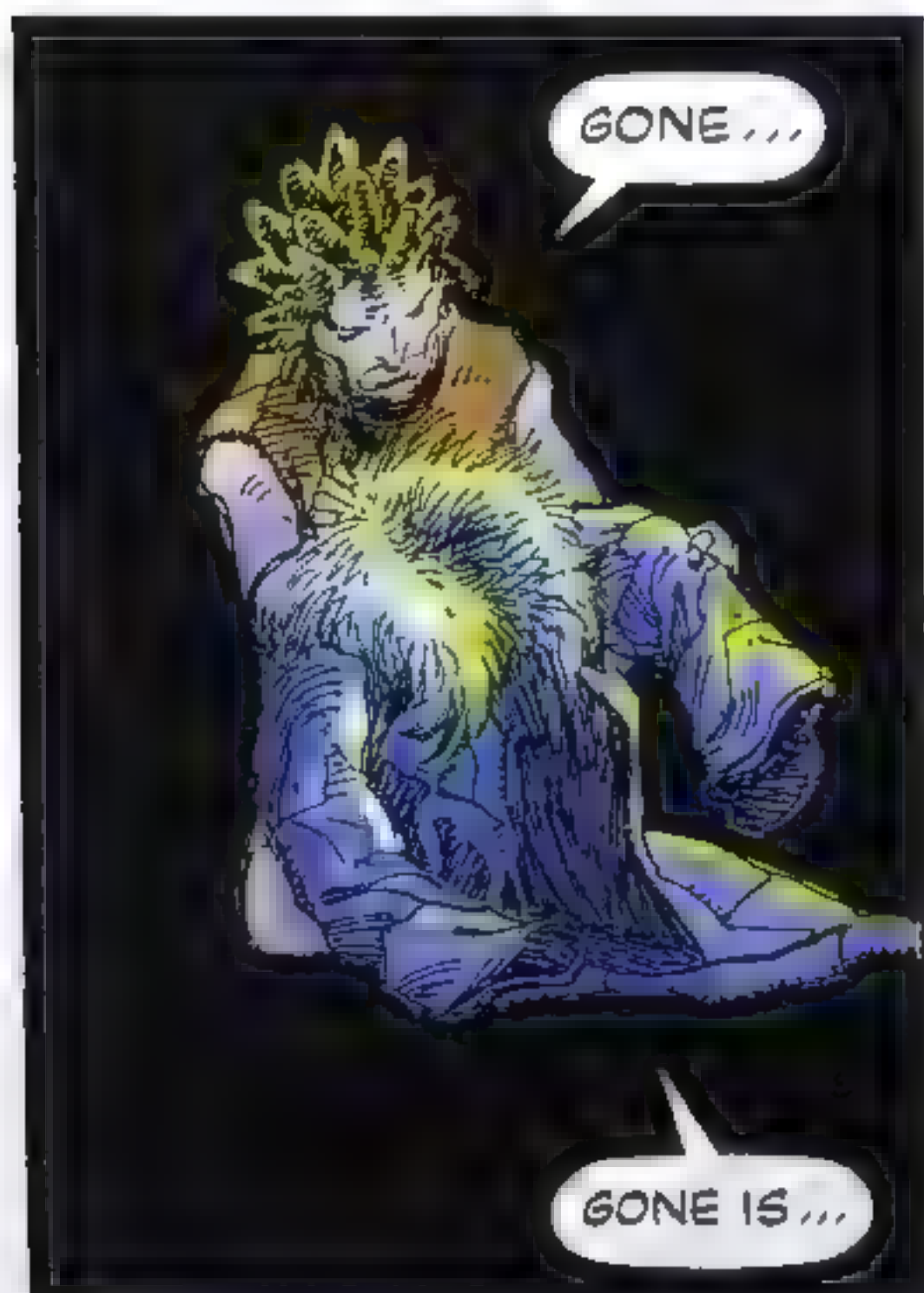
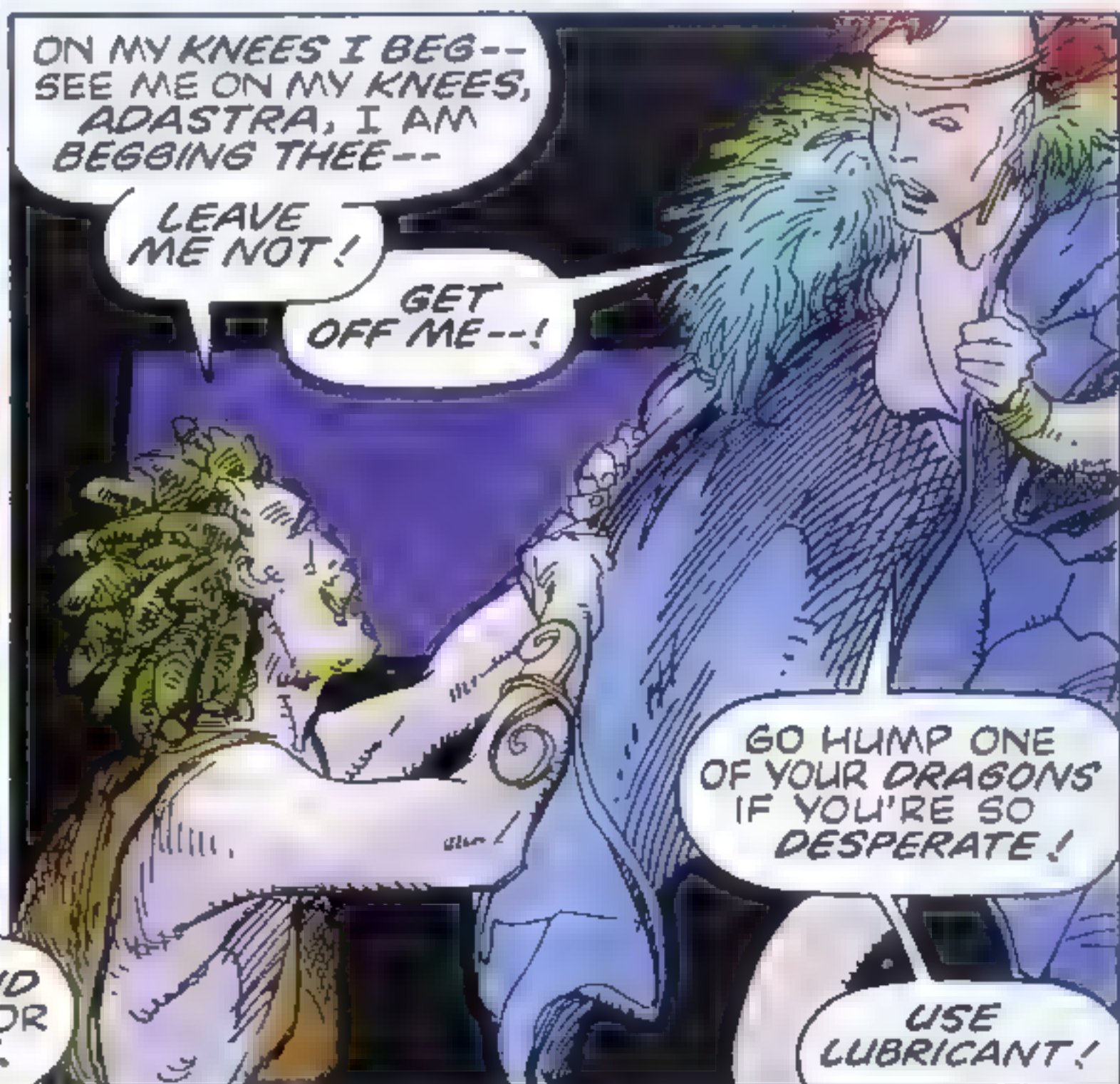
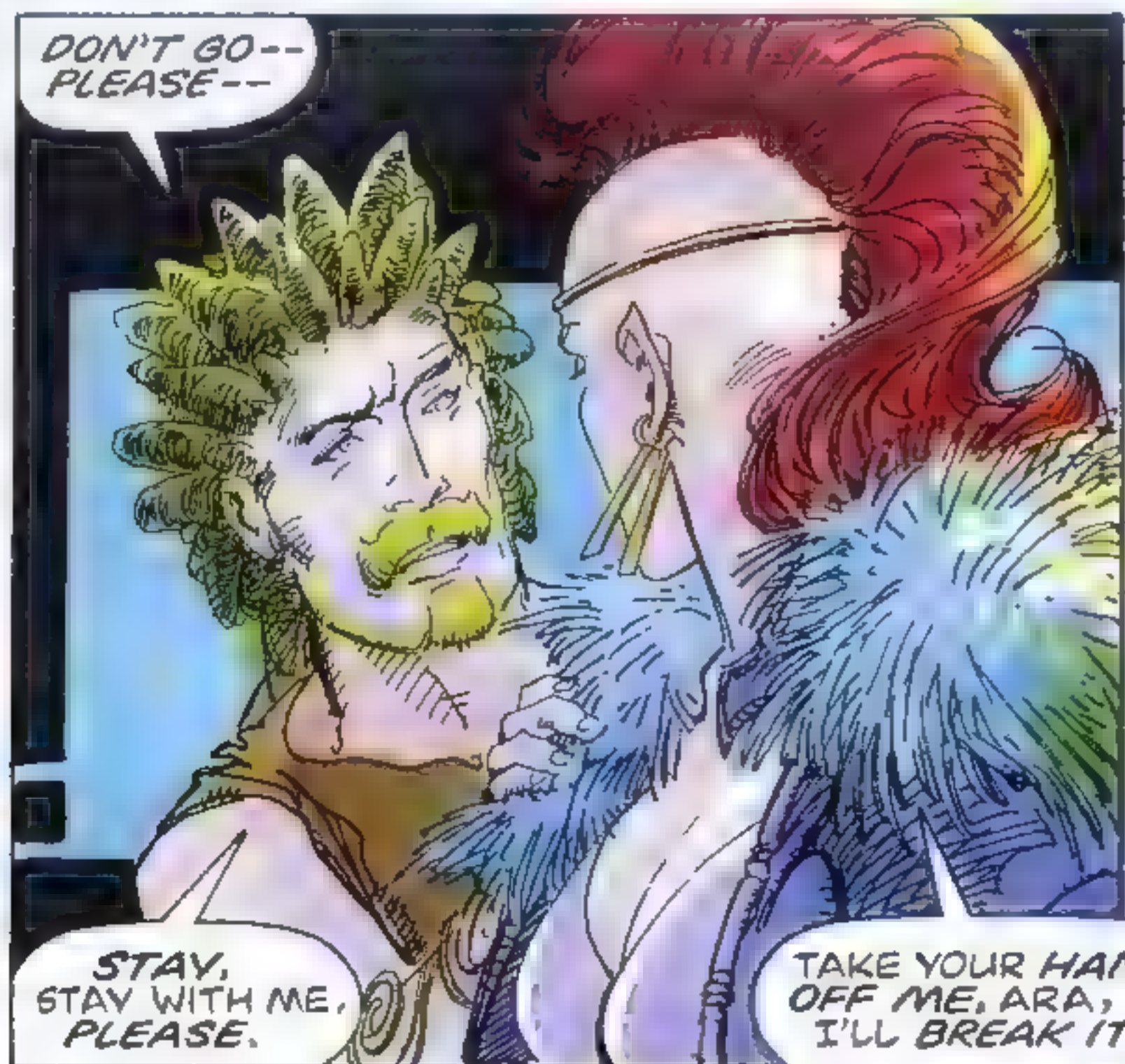


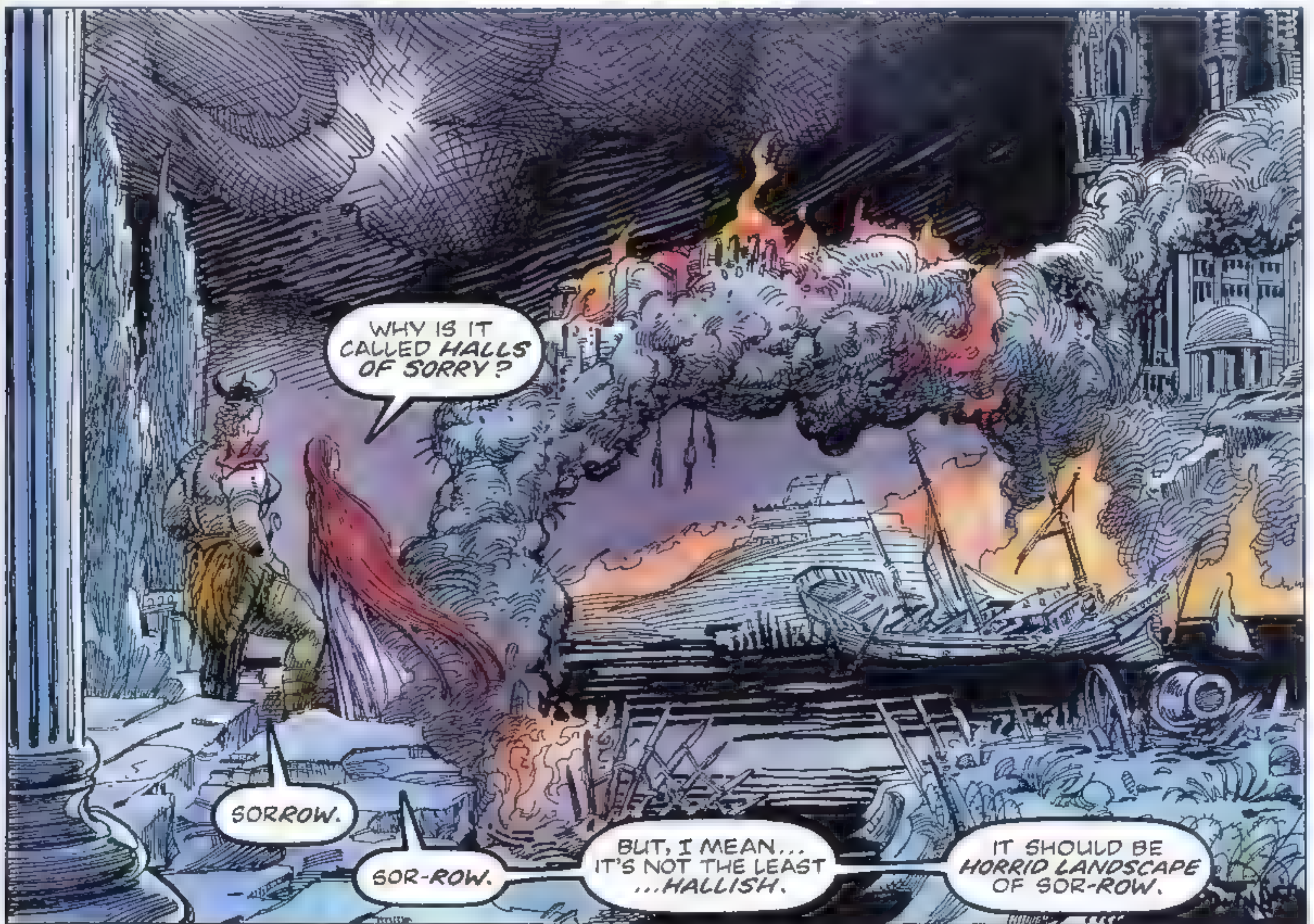
WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT?!

HARGH!









WHY IS IT
CALLED HALLS
OF SORRY?

SORROW.

SOR-ROW.

BUT, I MEAN...
IT'S NOT THE LEAST
...HALLISH.

IT SHOULD BE
HORRID LANDSCAPE
OF SOR-ROW.



CALL IT
WHATCHA LIKE,
NOW LISTEN UP--

IF Y'SEE
LIGHTNING BOLTS,
DUCK--

ANYTHING RED OR
FLAMING, DUCK--

DON'T THINK JUST
'CAUSE YOU'RE IM-
MORTAL THATCHA
IMPERVIOUS--

THAT'S
ALL A BUNCHA
BALONEY!

WE UNDER-
STOOD HERE,
LITTLE SIS?

ABSOLUTELY,
DELPHA--I'LL HIDE
BEHIND SOMETHING.

AWRIGHT,
GOOD GIRL--

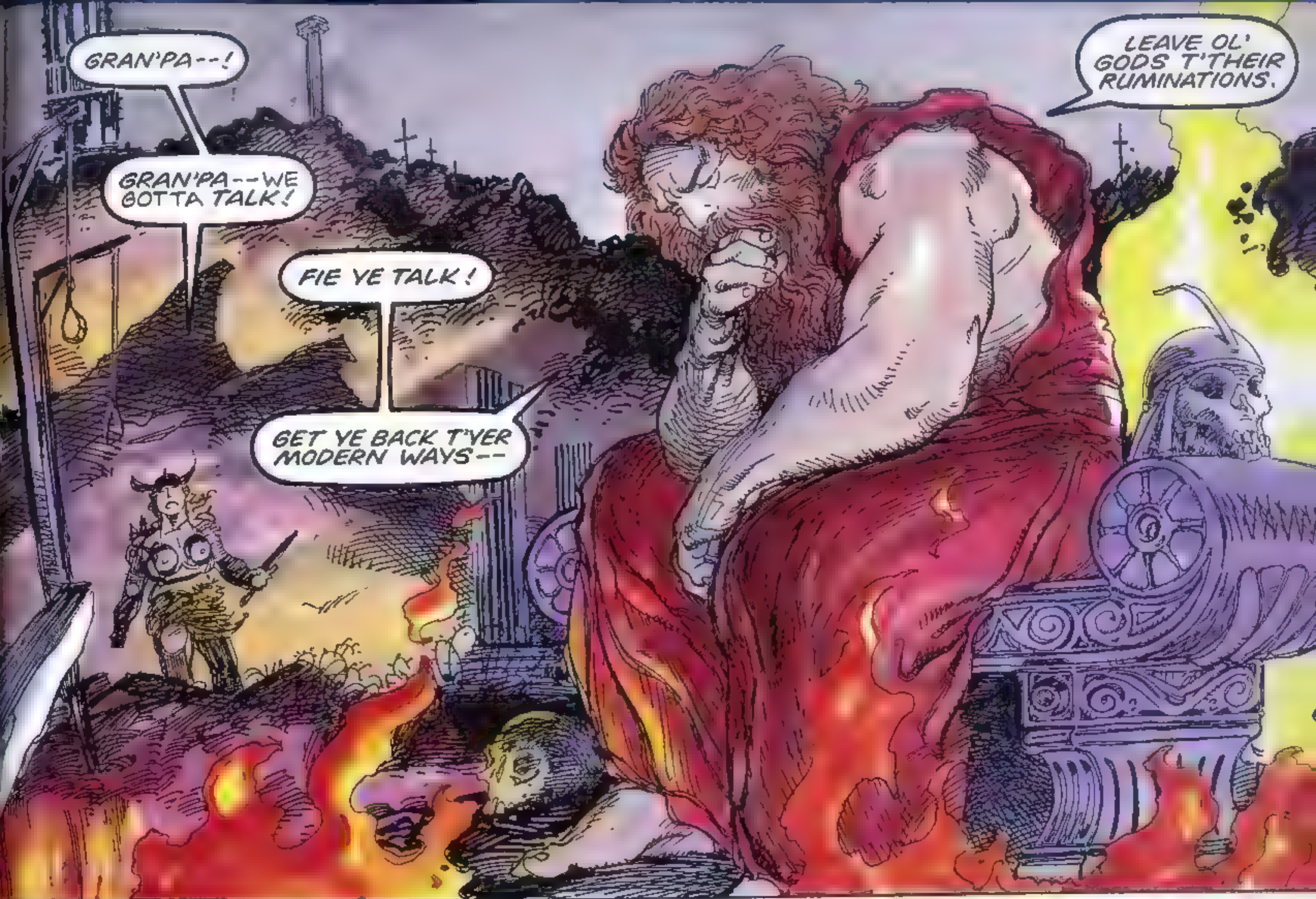


YOU STAY THERE
TIL I SAY IT'S SAFE
T'COME OUT!

YES,
DELPHA.

DEL--?
YOU'RE NOT
REALLY GOING
TO CHOP HIM
UP INTO FIRE-
WOOD, ARE
YOU?

IF ONLY
IT WAS THAT
SIMPLE!



GRAN'PA---!

LEAVE OL' GODS T'THEIR RUMINATIONS.

GRAN'PA--WE GOTTA TALK!

FIE YE TALK!

GET YE BACK T'YER MODERN WAYS--

GRAN'PA--Y'GOTTA TELL ME WHATCHA DID T'THAT YOUNG FELLA--

THE GOD--

DEAD? AYE!

IS HE DEAD?

AN' 'TIS I A-DID TH' SHAM-ED DEED--!

DESTINY IT IS WHO'TH WROUGHT THE BLOOD-ED SWORD A-WAR!



O== GREAT GODS
A-VORE--MY BROTHERS,
STRIKE THIS ANCIENT
FOOL TO GROUND--!

FOR I HATH SINNED WITH
IMPERIOUS REPROOF!

I HATH STRUCK
DOWN NOT ONLY THE SON
OF ALL-WORLDS--

BUT YEA, I SAY IN
DREAD, HATH I SUNDERED
THESE GLISTIN' SKIES
A-TWAIN--

AND BROUGHT
THE GLOWERING VISAGE
OF WAR==

TO THESE HEAVENS!

A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

It is with considerable regret and disappointment that I must inform you, my friends, that this continuing venture we share every month, BWS: STORYTELLER, is in the process of losing cartloads of money for our publisher, Dark Horse.

Those of you who read STORYTELLER have been wonderfully enthusiastic and supportive — oh, you quibble a bit, you have your preferences and your annoyances, but, hey, we're family, right? But the problem is that there just aren't enough of you out there to help support the costs of producing the book each month.

I'm sure you'll agree that it's a telling state of affairs when a book that is planned to be physically pleasing and eminently readable cannot find fiscal success in a field called, by some, the Graphic Story medium.

I've heard from punters and critics that the \$4.95 price is too steep to allow for high sales. I've heard more often that the book is well worth its cover price; an executive at Marvel Comics who buys STORYTELLER each month wondered aloud why Dark Horse doesn't charge more for such a wonderful publication. Then there's the complaint tendered by those who suffer the urge to place reading material in storage that STORYTELLER does not fit in their plastic bags and cardboard boxes.

The work is not perfect, I agree, but it is the way of living things that they can be vigorous one day and all but morose the next. And it's the state of growing that creates the highs and the lows in STORYTELLER and its peoples. Often the synchronicity between myself and the characters can become so intense that I suffer as they do during the process of their creation; it's true also that Axus has caught me off guard a couple of times and made me laugh out loud as I sit at my drawing table.

This creativity, I am told, comes across in the printed, published book itself and I believe it is this composition of energies that is so important to retain as the living, breathing thing that STORYTELLER is meant to be.

Unfortunately this aesthetic premise of elegance and energy mixed with vigorous drawing, color and closely crafted words is not appreciated by distributors and retailers, simply because the essential form of STORYTELLER — so integral to its experience, in my opinion — does not comply with the uniformity of comic-book display racks.

Thus, pressures to conform to the homogenic, comparatively airless format of the standard comic book are being pushed upon me if I wish some remnant of STORYTELLER to survive past issue 12.

It is, then, that I must advise you, dear reader, that after this issue (number 9, with the unintentionally appropriate sad Addy cover), STORYTELLER will not be keeping to its rigorous monthly publication dates, due to the uncertainty of its future and the disruption of my Studio's normal work schedule as I wrestle with the question of what shall happen to the work after its twelfth issue.

I assure you all that STORYTELLER shall continue through to that number, so if you have purchased the lovely slipcase designed to hold your collection of the first year's publications, worry not: I shall fulfill that obligation to you for twelve issues, given time.

However, to remain true to the spirit of my stories I can't say that I can shoehorn the cataclysm of Ammon-Gra's rebirth into the next three books; nor can I untangle the diverted wedding plans of two opposing pantheons; and Tristan Caine's first novella has been planned to close at issue 14.

But who knows what shall happen next — perhaps sales will have picked up a bit before you get to read this tract and, behind the scenes, sad Addy is grinning all over and making plans for that trading card set she thought of doing.

It's hard to know how things will go eventually but, dear reader, I feel obliged to let you all know the truths and realities involved in the making of BWS:STORYTELLER.

Remember this . . .

When all else fails — raise your standards.

BWS. April 1997.



PREVIOUSLY IN

After what seemed like months, but could be years, of analysis that was more like scrutiny, with a psychiatrist who might be human, could be an android or possibly an alien from another planet, the man called Tristan Caine seems to be free of the claustrophobic environment of his doctor's office — or what he thought to be an office but might not have been. He imagines that his simple phrase, "Take me to your leader," was the key that unlocked his prison chamber and set him free. This may or may not be so.

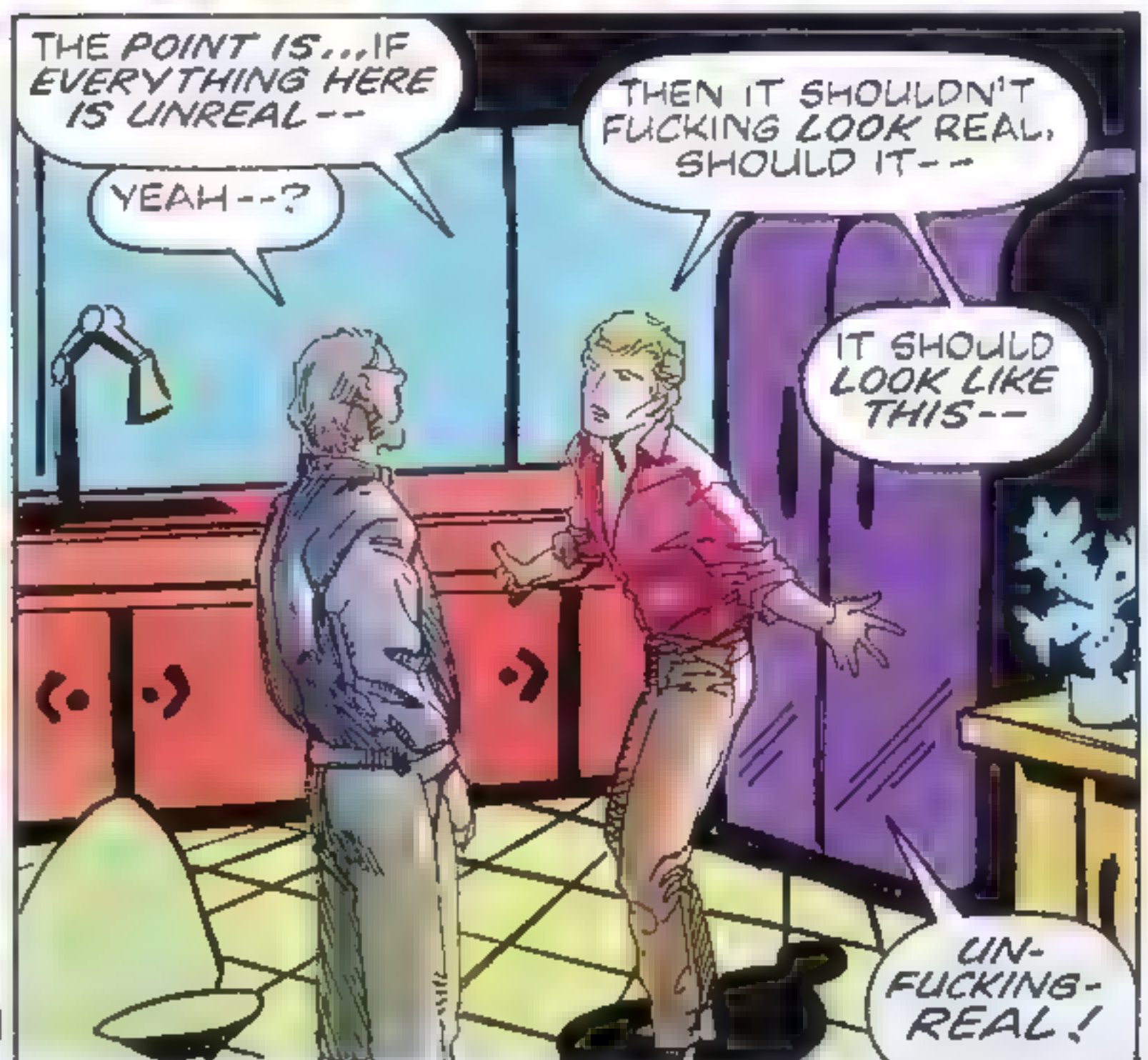
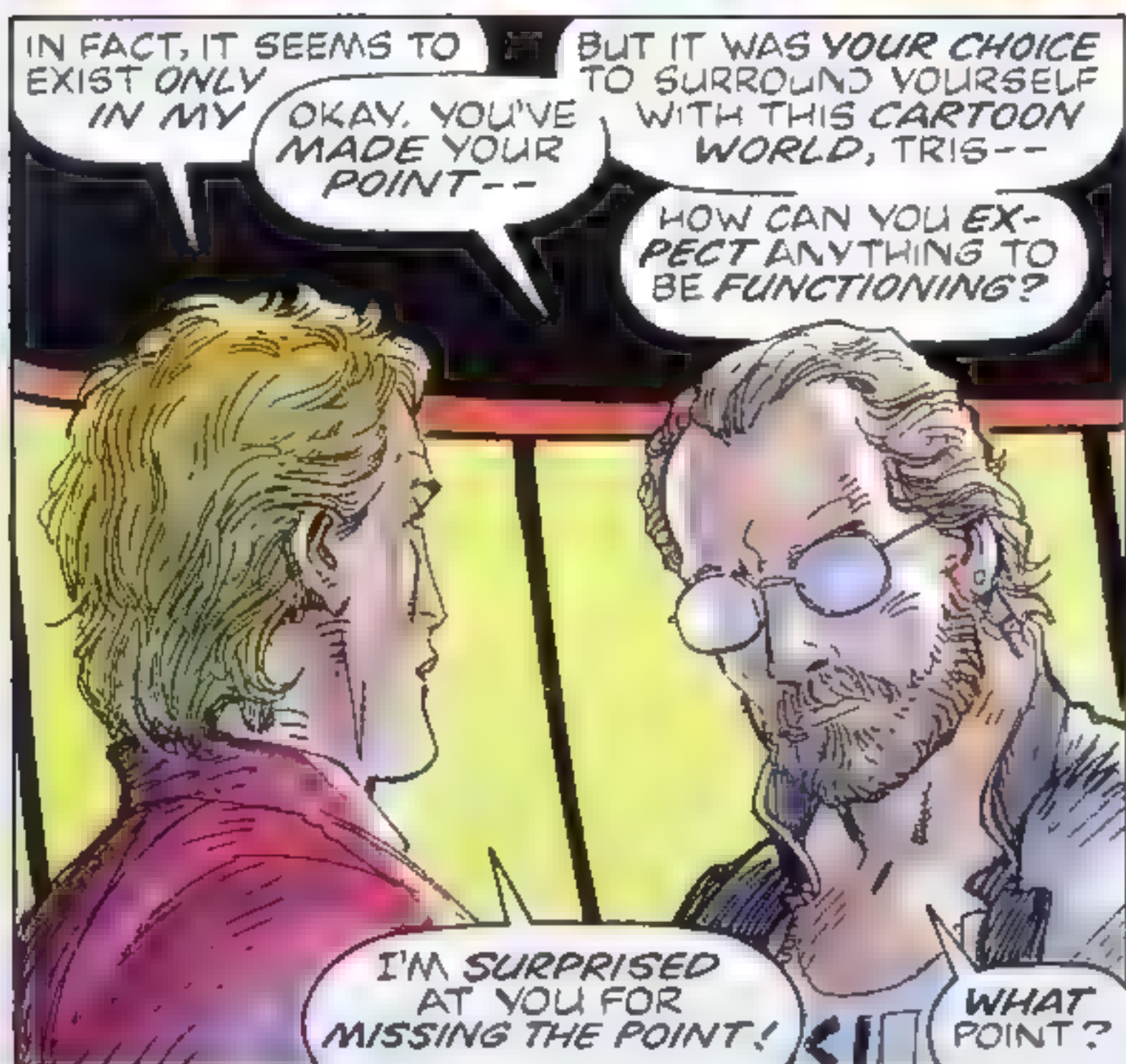
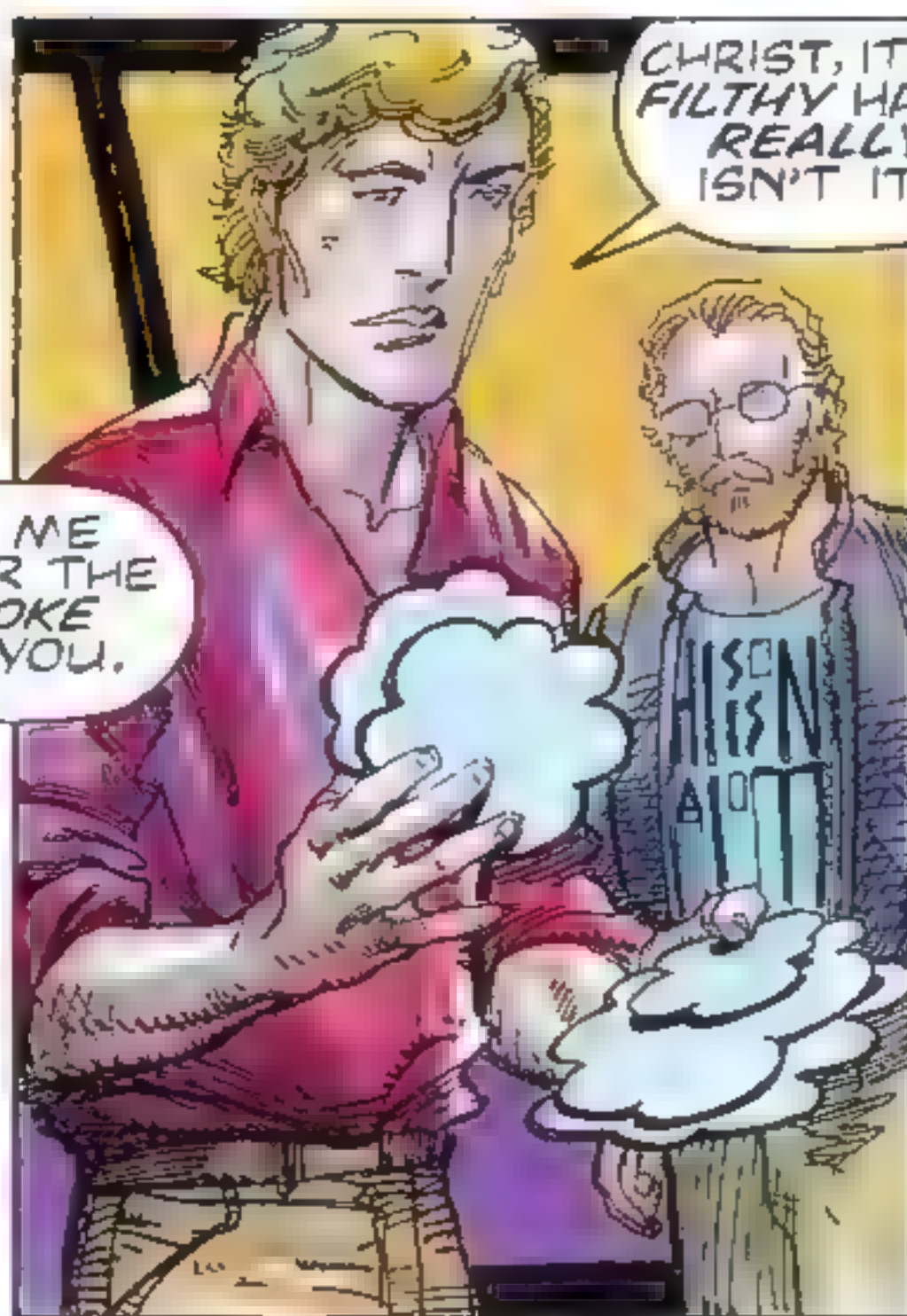
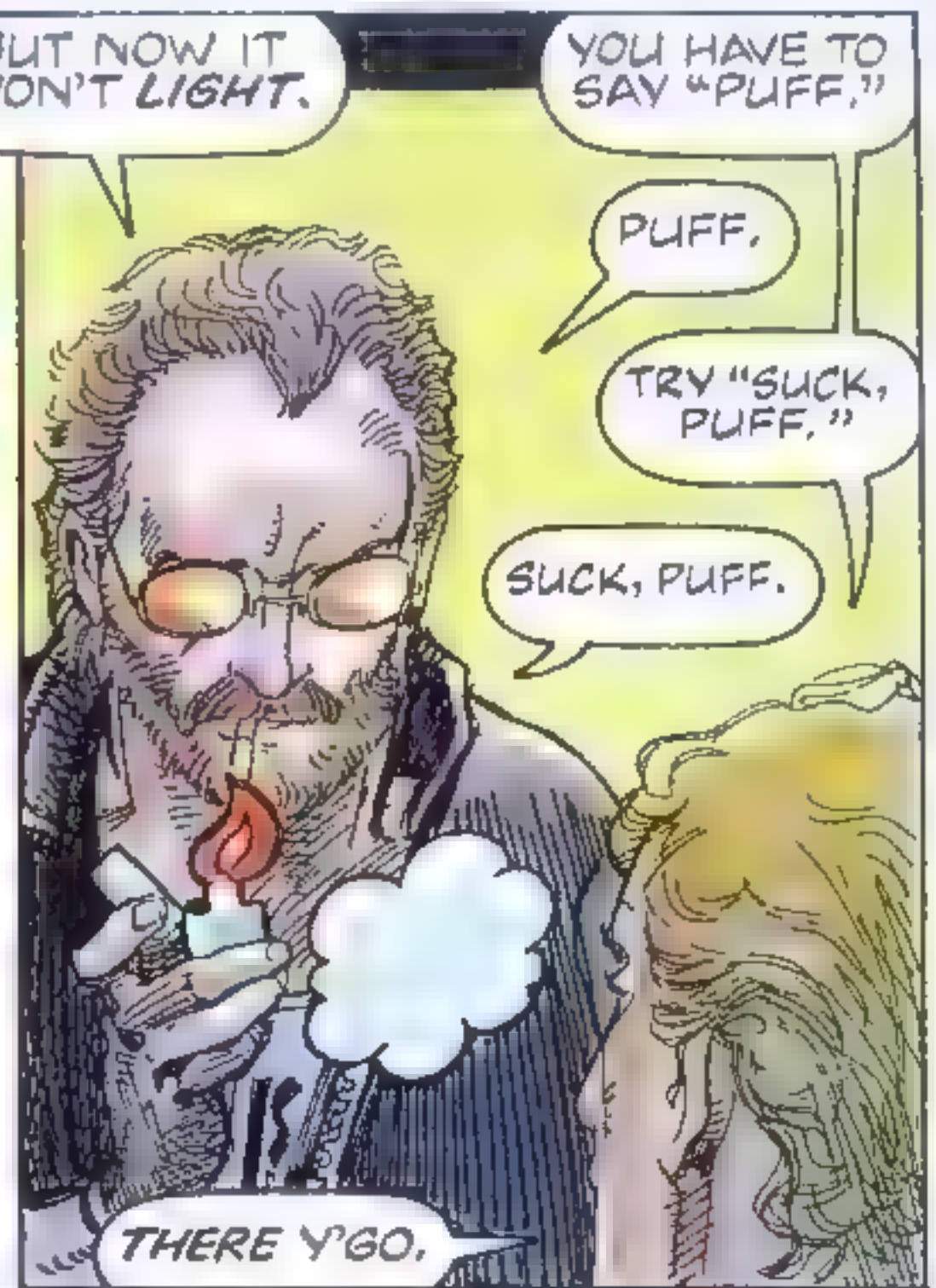
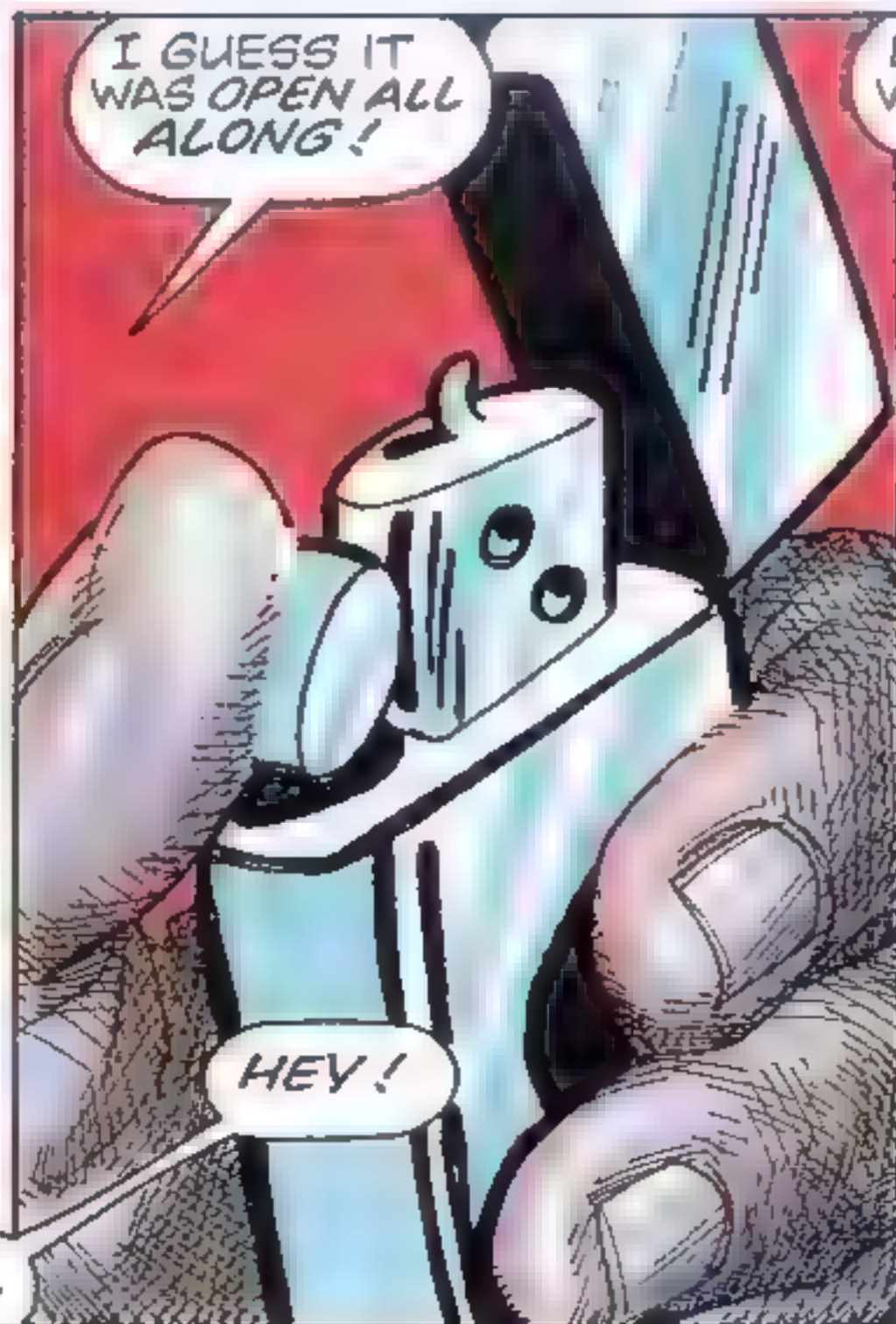
From the irradiated canyons of post-WWIII New York, where he left his friend Dava, to the steel and glass palisades of an alien spacecraft hovering motionless above a dinosaur-infested forest, Tristan Caine seems to have come a long way indeed.

But for such a man as he, who has been touched perhaps by madness or by some form of reality not of his understanding, to be free of foot does not mean he is free of spirit nor of the consequences of his past life.

Stretching his own perceptions past what could be considered sane-stuffing, Tristan Caine waits for a visitor to his cartoon house who, if the bylaws of reality mean anything anymore, shouldn't really exist in this twisted universe. Perhaps it is this uncomfortable paradox that creates the barely concealed tension between the two men...

THE PARADOX MAN







AND I LIKE IT LIKE THAT --GIVES ME THE EDGE!

YEAH, I SEE.

'CAUSE OTHERWISE IT'S A MIND-FUCK, IT'S A FUCKING MIND-FUCK!

THAT'S THE STORY, TRIS.

WELL, I DON'T LIKE YOUR GODDAMNED STORY--IT SUCKS!

SO--WE'LL WORK ON IT, OKAY?



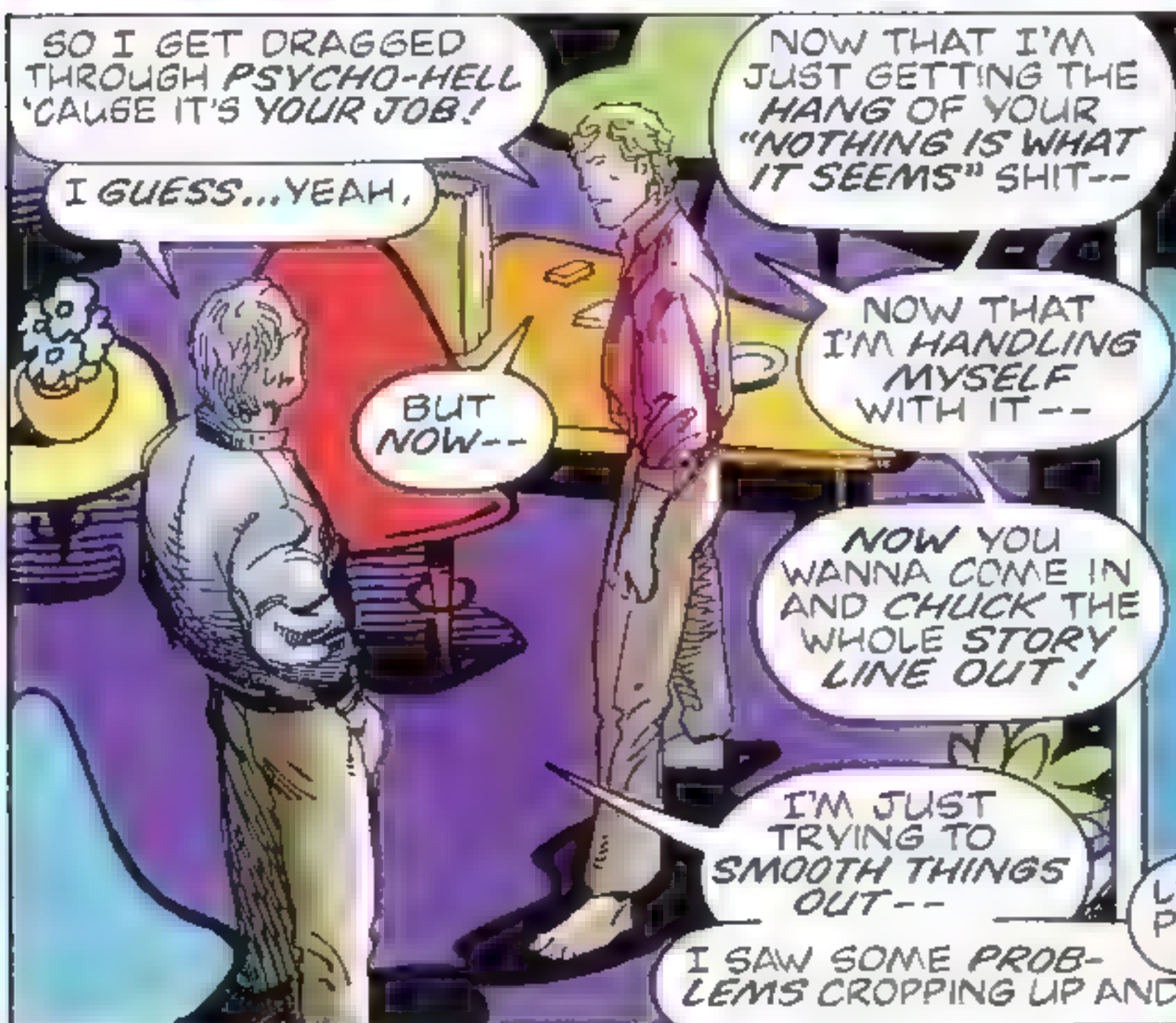
YEAH. OKAY-- BUT WHY NOW?

WHY WEREN'T YOU WORKING ON IT WHEN THAT PSYCHIATRIST WAS SCREWING WITH MY HEAD?

IT WORKED, SO I LET IT HAPPEN.

YOU LET IT HAPPEN.

THAT'S WHAT I DO.



SO I GET DRAGGED THROUGH PSYCHO-HELL 'CAUSE IT'S YOUR JOB!

I GUESS...YEAH.

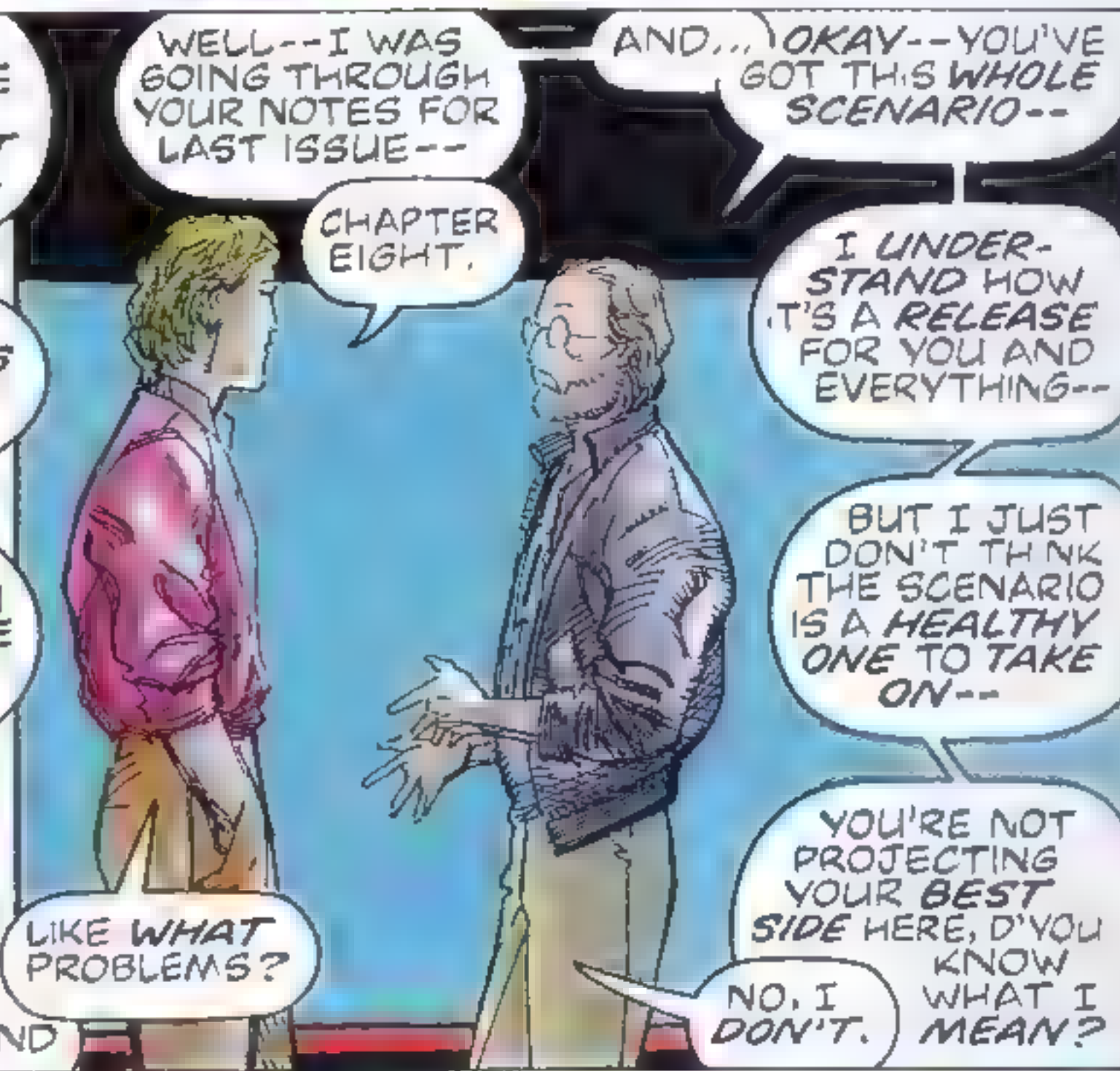
NOW THAT I'M JUST GETTING THE HANG OF YOUR "NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS" SHIT--

NOW THAT I'M HANDLING MYSELF WITH IT--

NOW YOU WANNA COME IN AND CHUCK THE WHOLE STORY LINE OUT!

I'M JUST TRYING TO SMOOTH THINGS OUT--

I SAW SOME PROBLEMS CROPPING UP AND



WELL--I WAS GOING THROUGH YOUR NOTES FOR LAST ISSUE--

CHAPTER EIGHT.

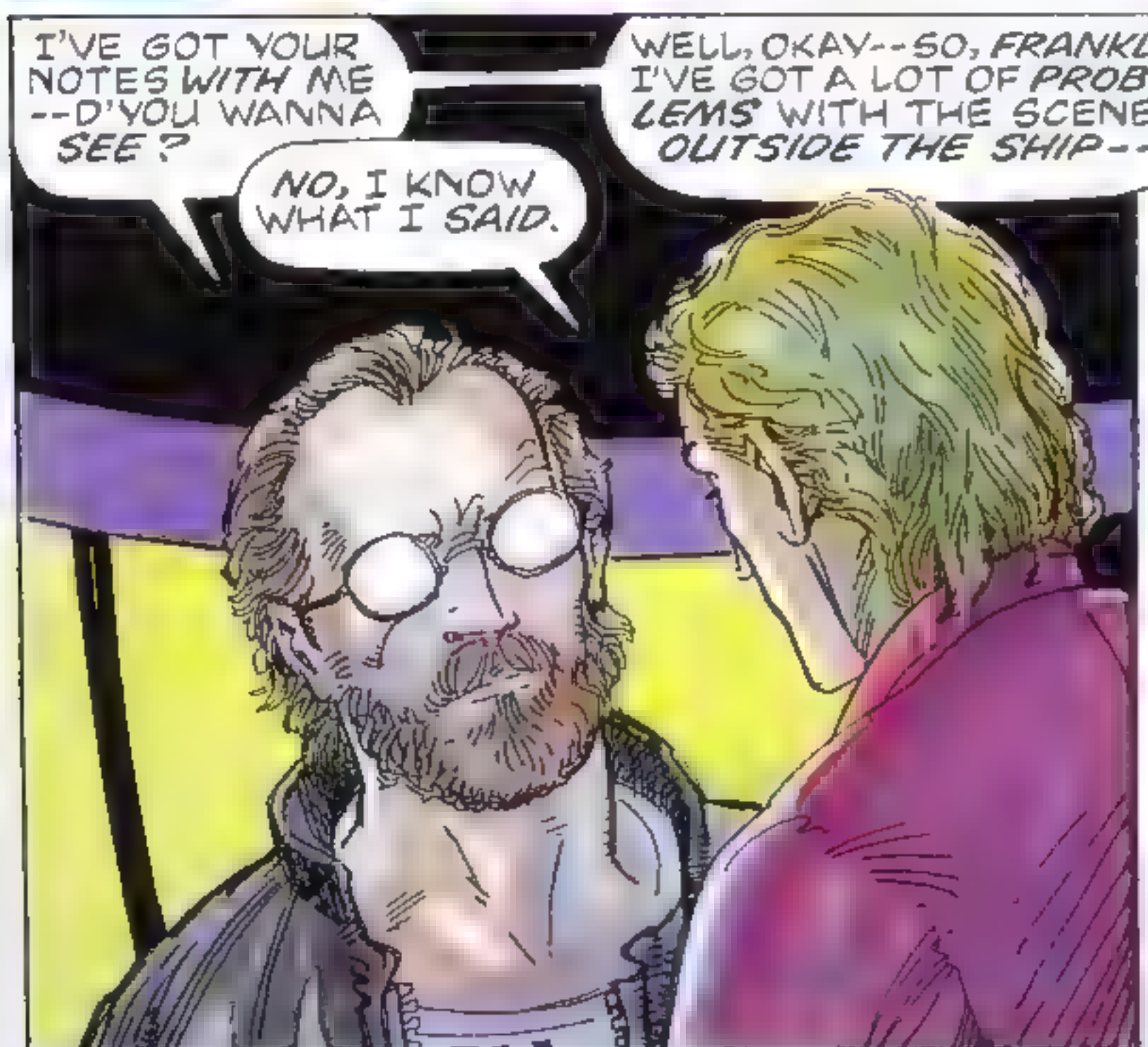
AND... OKAY--YOU'VE GOT THIS WHOLE SCENARIO--

I UNDERSTAND HOW IT'S A RELEASE FOR YOU AND EVERYTHING--

BUT I JUST DON'T THINK THE SCENARIO IS A HEALTHY ONE TO TAKE ON--

YOU'RE NOT PROJECTING YOUR BEST SIDE HERE, D'YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

NO, I DON'T.



I'VE GOT YOUR NOTES WITH ME --D'YOU WANNA SEE?

NO, I KNOW WHAT I SAID.

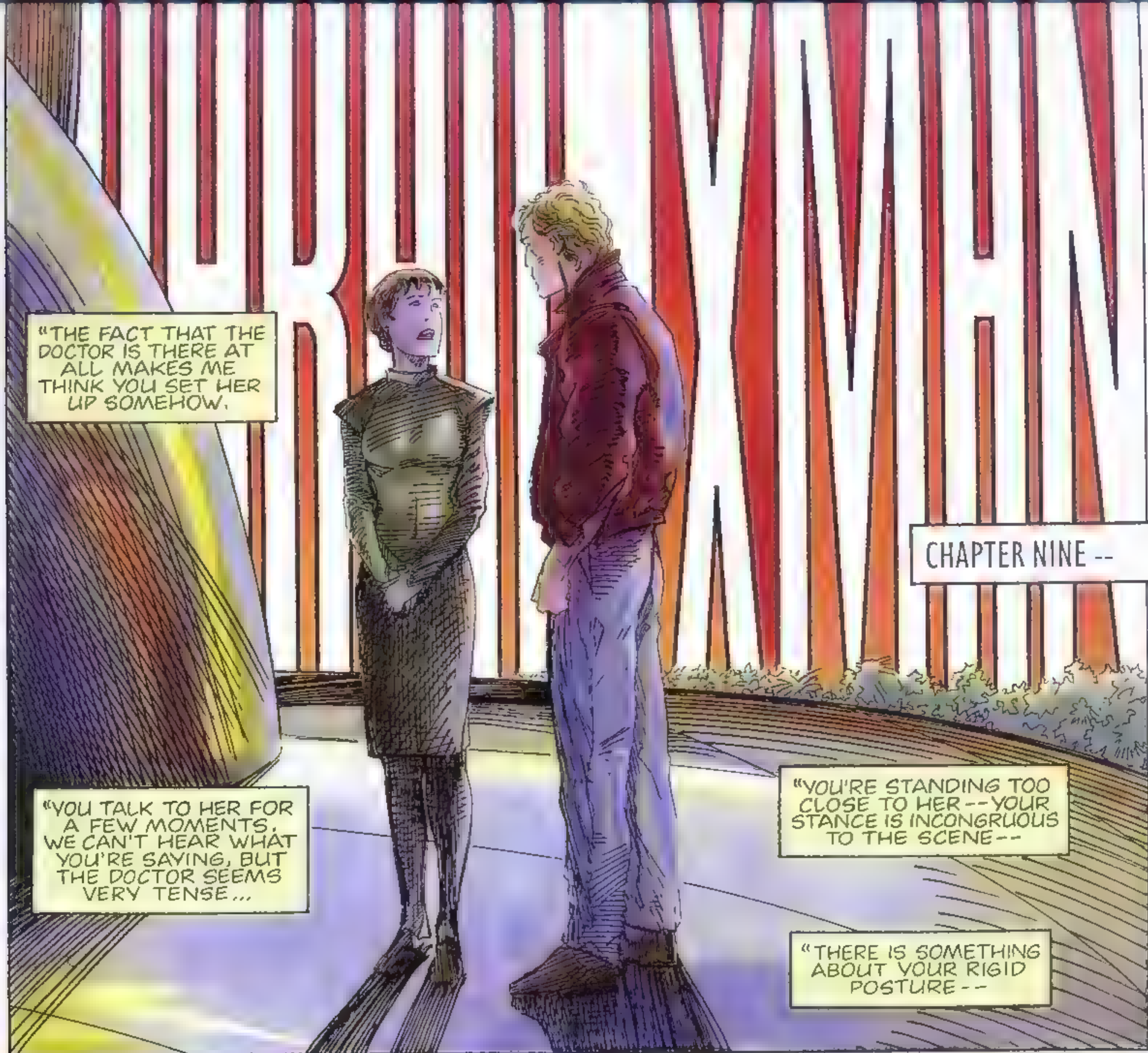
WELL, OKAY--SO, FRANKLY, I'VE GOT A LOT OF PROBLEMS WITH THE SCENES OUTSIDE THE SHIP--



I DON'T KNOW IF YOU MEANT A CHANCE ENCOUNTER...

HEY, DOC.

"OR WHETHER YOU PLANNED IT."



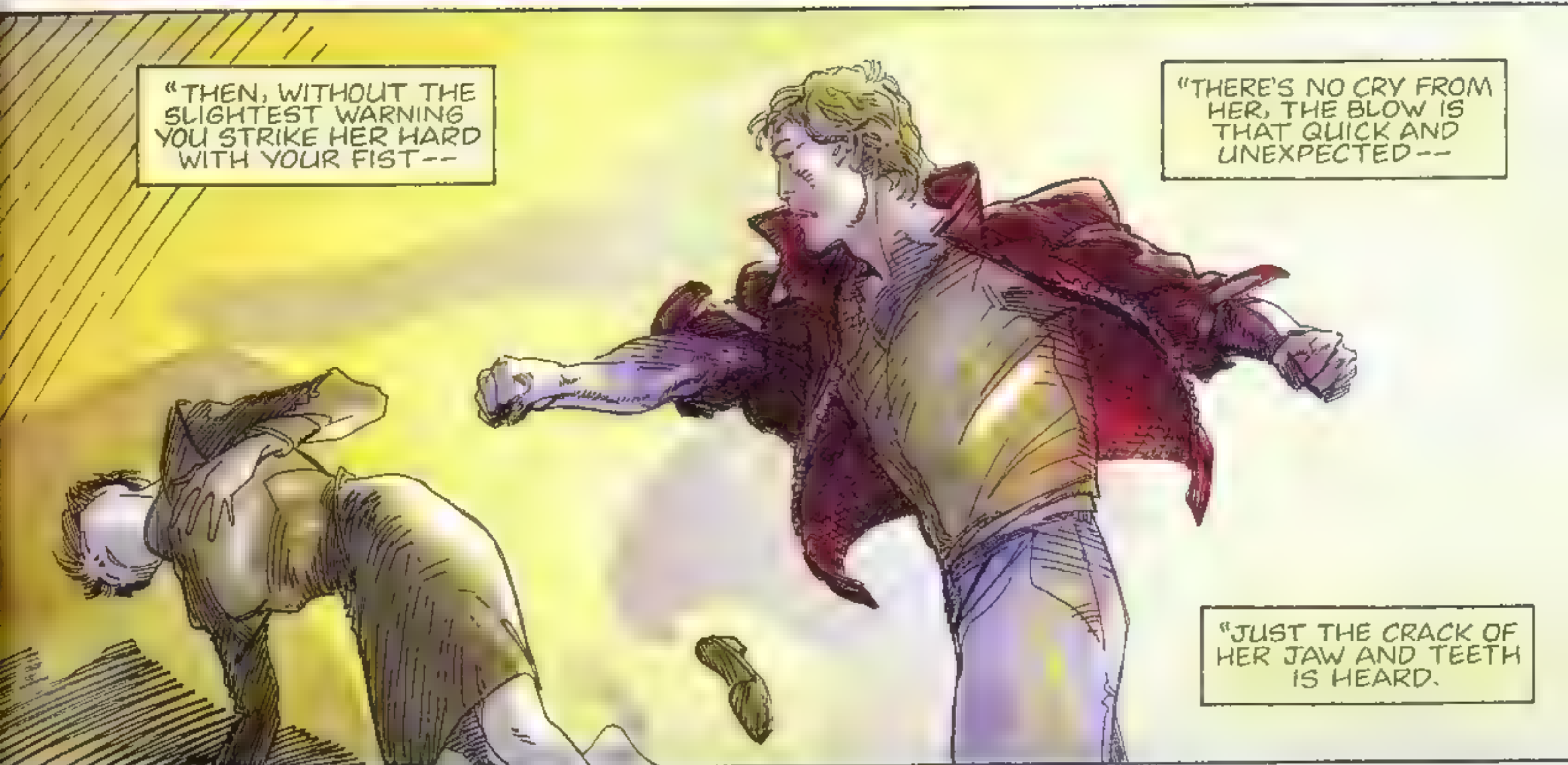
"THE FACT THAT THE DOCTOR IS THERE AT ALL MAKES ME THINK YOU SET HER UP SOMEHOW."

CHAPTER NINE --

"YOU TALK TO HER FOR A FEW MOMENTS, WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, BUT THE DOCTOR SEEMS VERY TENSE..."

"YOU'RE STANDING TOO CLOSE TO HER -- YOUR STANCE IS INCONGRUOUS TO THE SCENE --"

"THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR RIGID POSTURE --"



"THEN, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST WARNING YOU STRIKE HER HARD WITH YOUR FIST --"

"THERE'S NO CRY FROM HER, THE BLOW IS THAT QUICK AND UNEXPECTED --"

"JUST THE CRACK OF HER JAW AND TEETH IS HEARD."



"HER NECK SNAPS AS
SHE BOUNCES OFF OF
THE SHIP'S HULL--

"YOU'RE UNABLE
TO STOP NOW--
YOU'RE ENRAGED,
THAT SHE DIED
SO QUICKLY, SHE
COULDN'T HAVE
FELT ENOUGH
PAIN--

"YOU KICK AT HER
AS SHE ROLLS,
CONNECTING TWO
HARD BLOWS TO THE
CHEST AND HEAD--

"SHE LANDS FACE
UP WITH DEAD EYES
STILL MOIST--

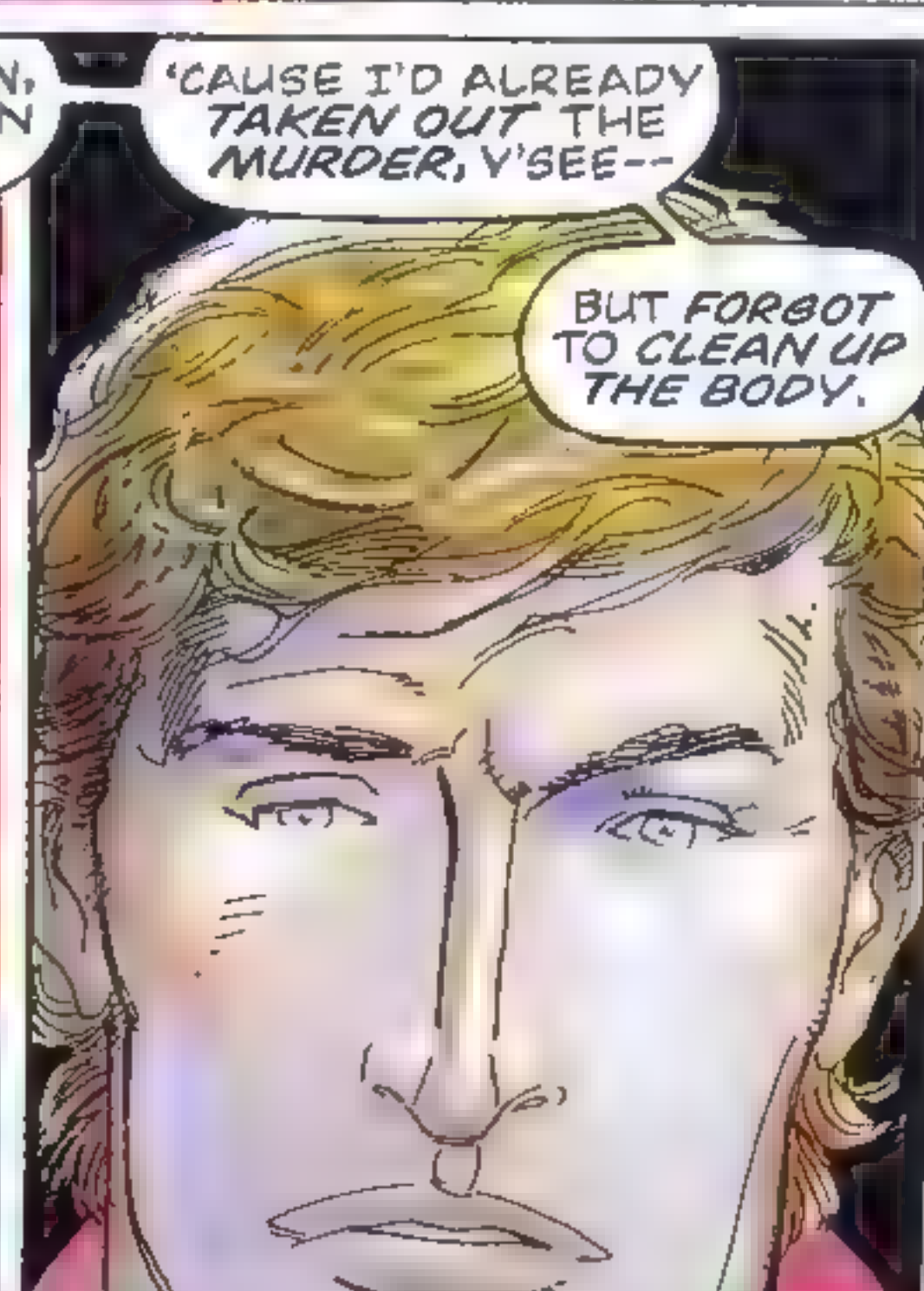
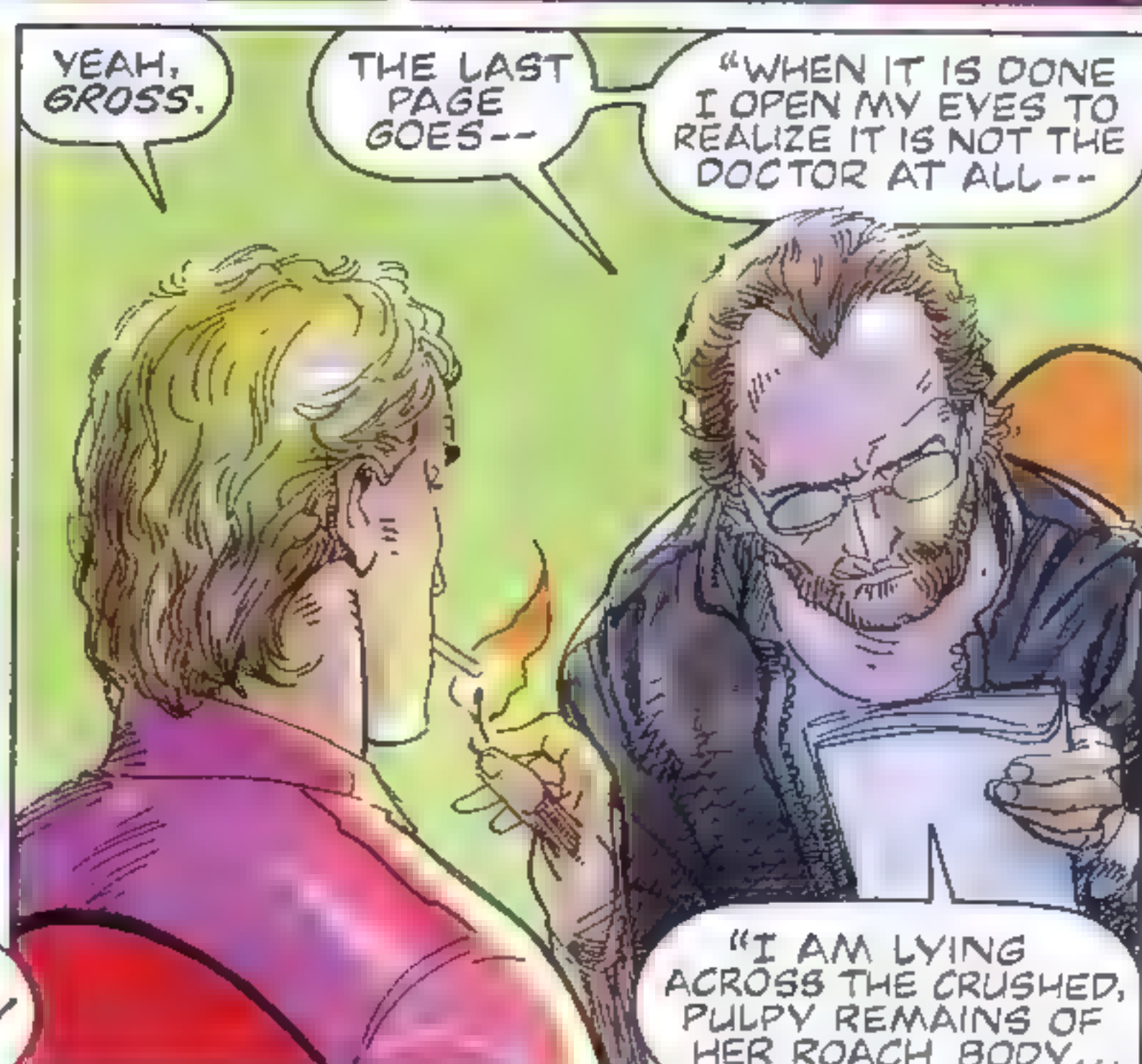
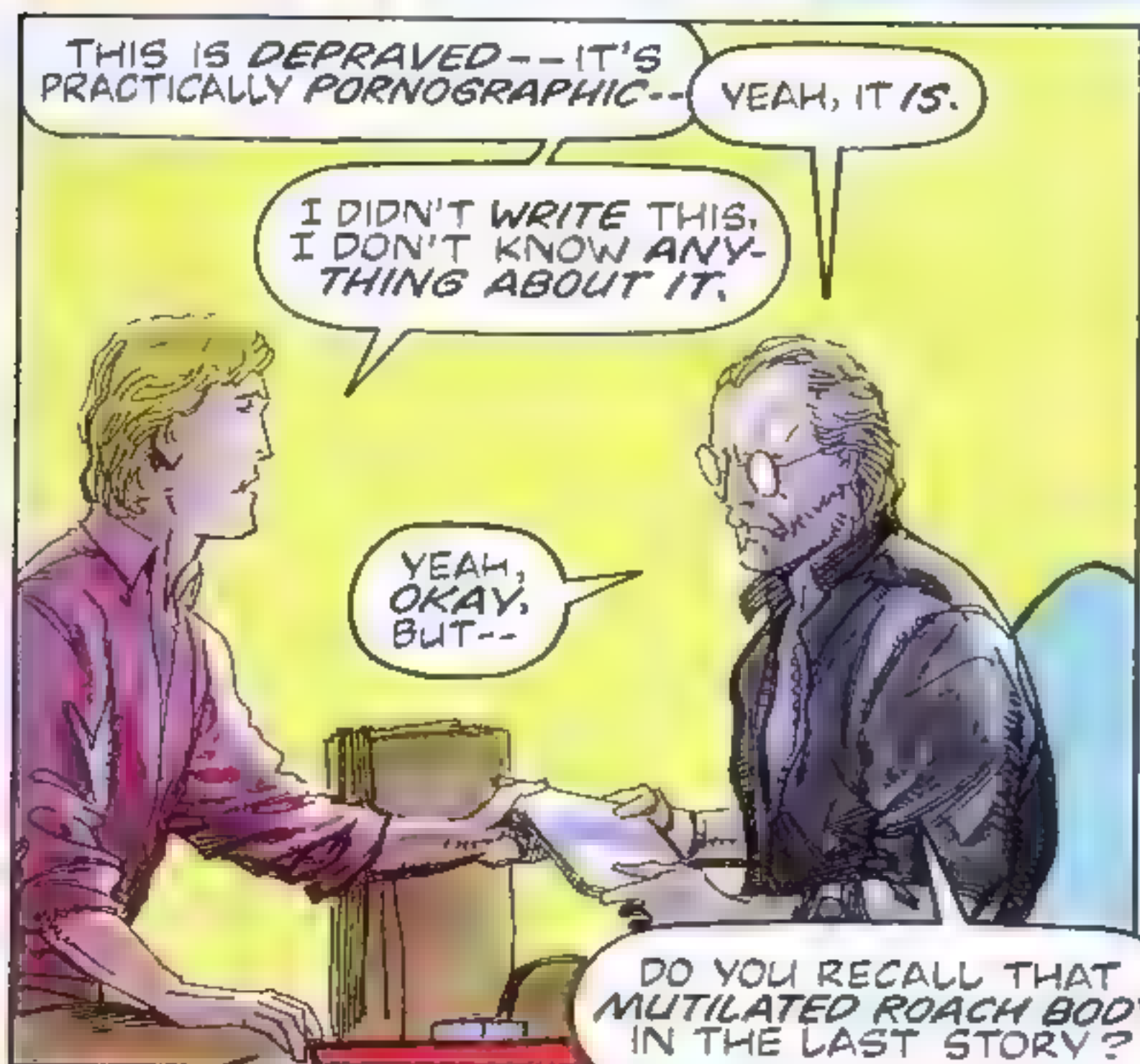
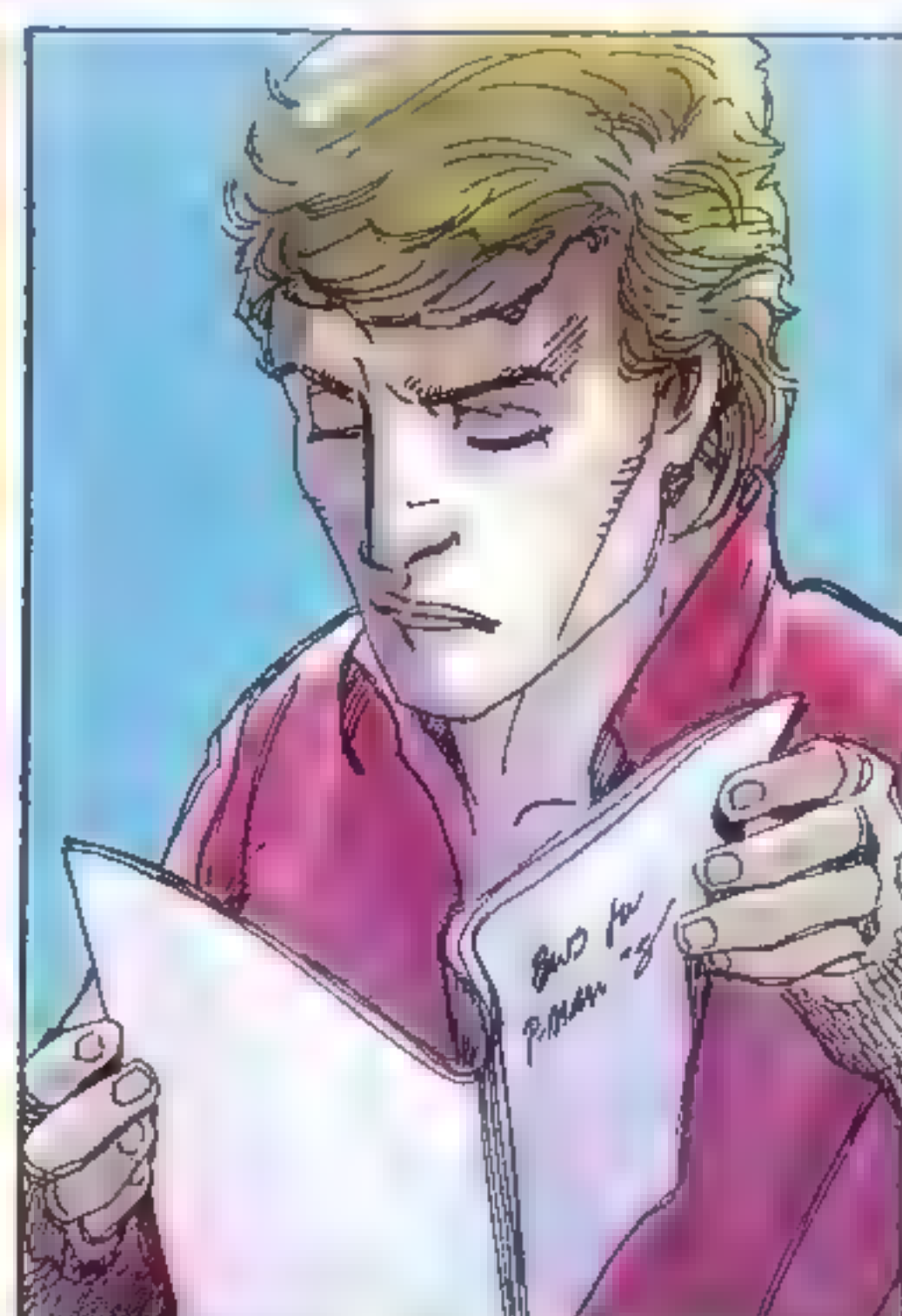
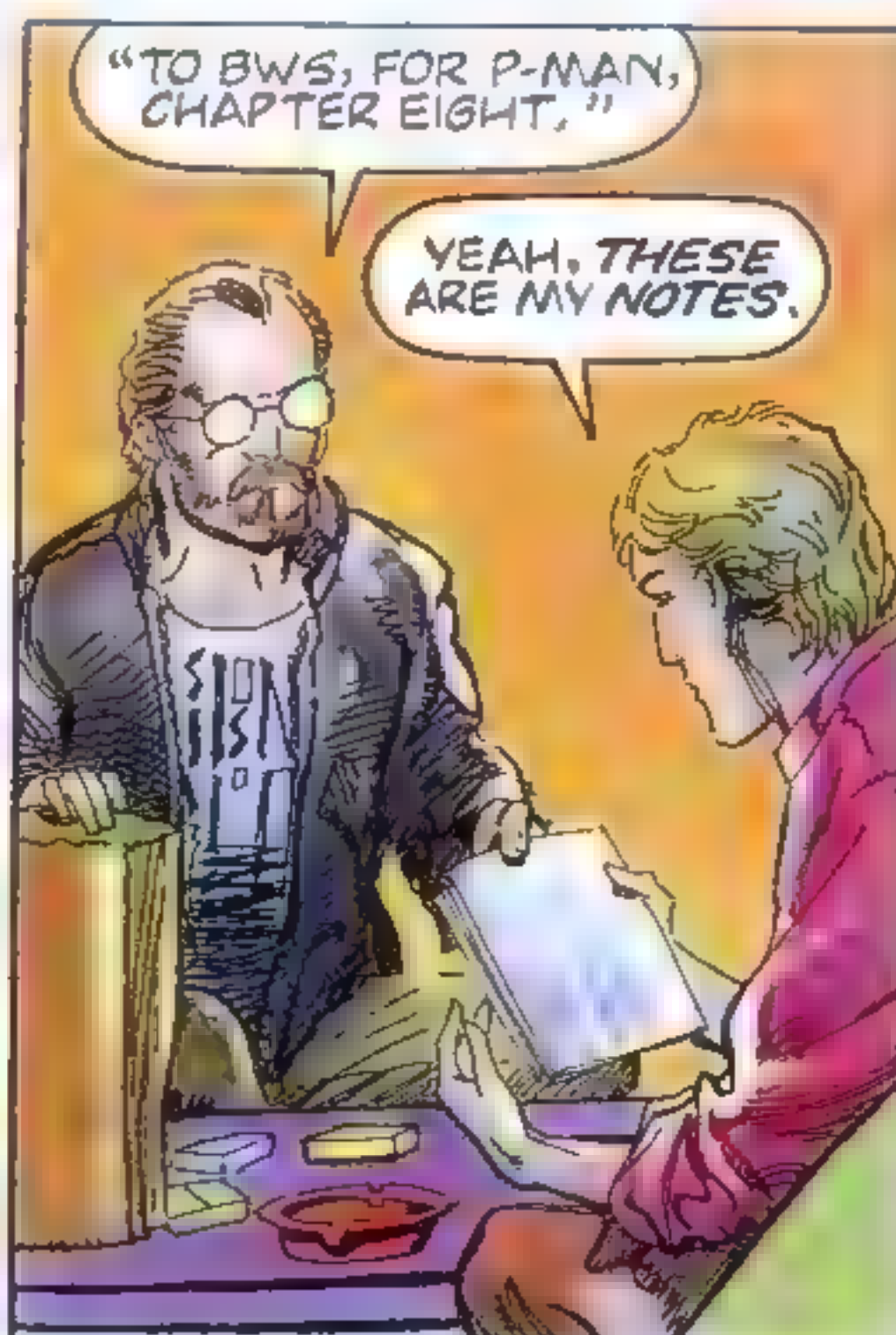


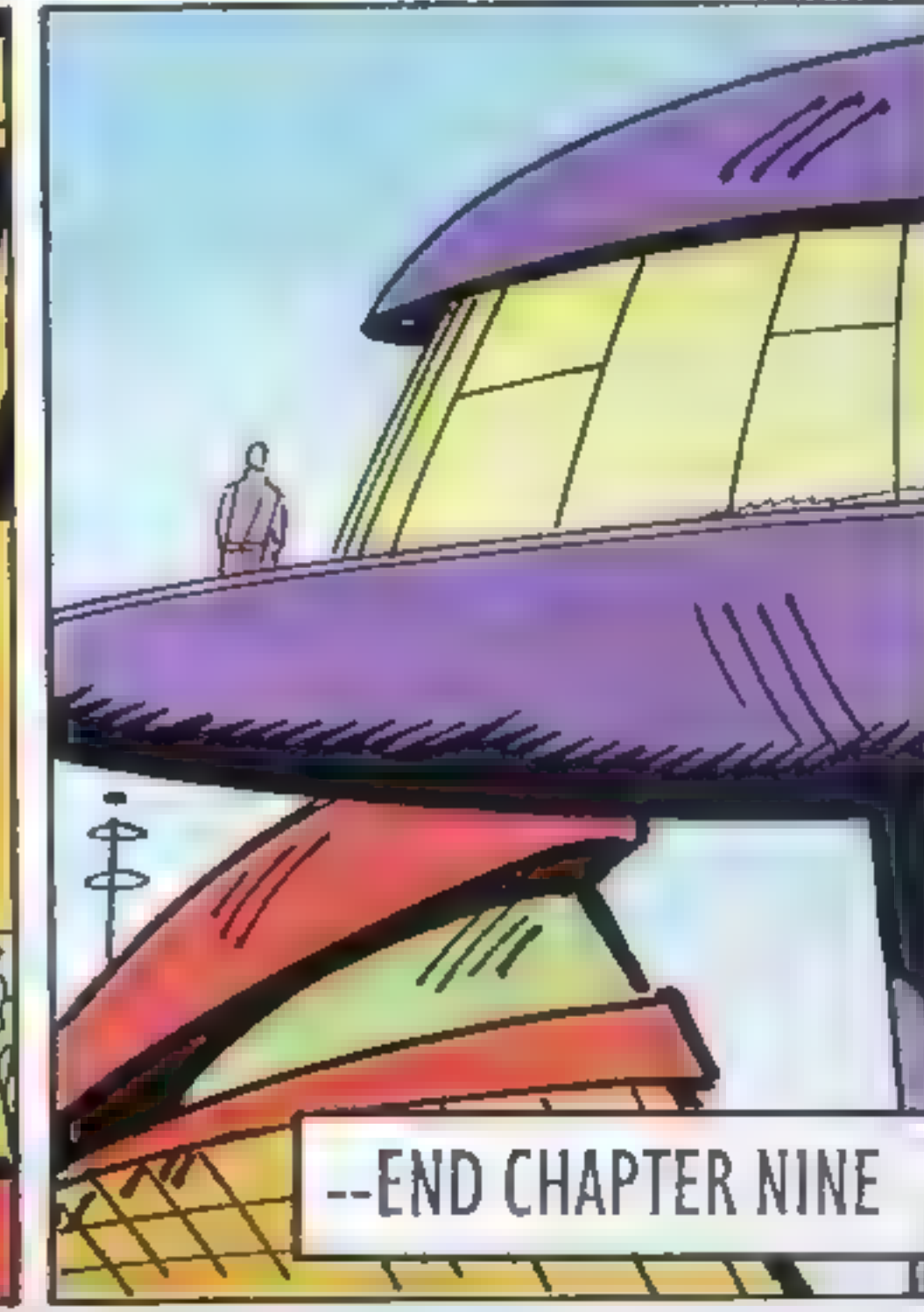
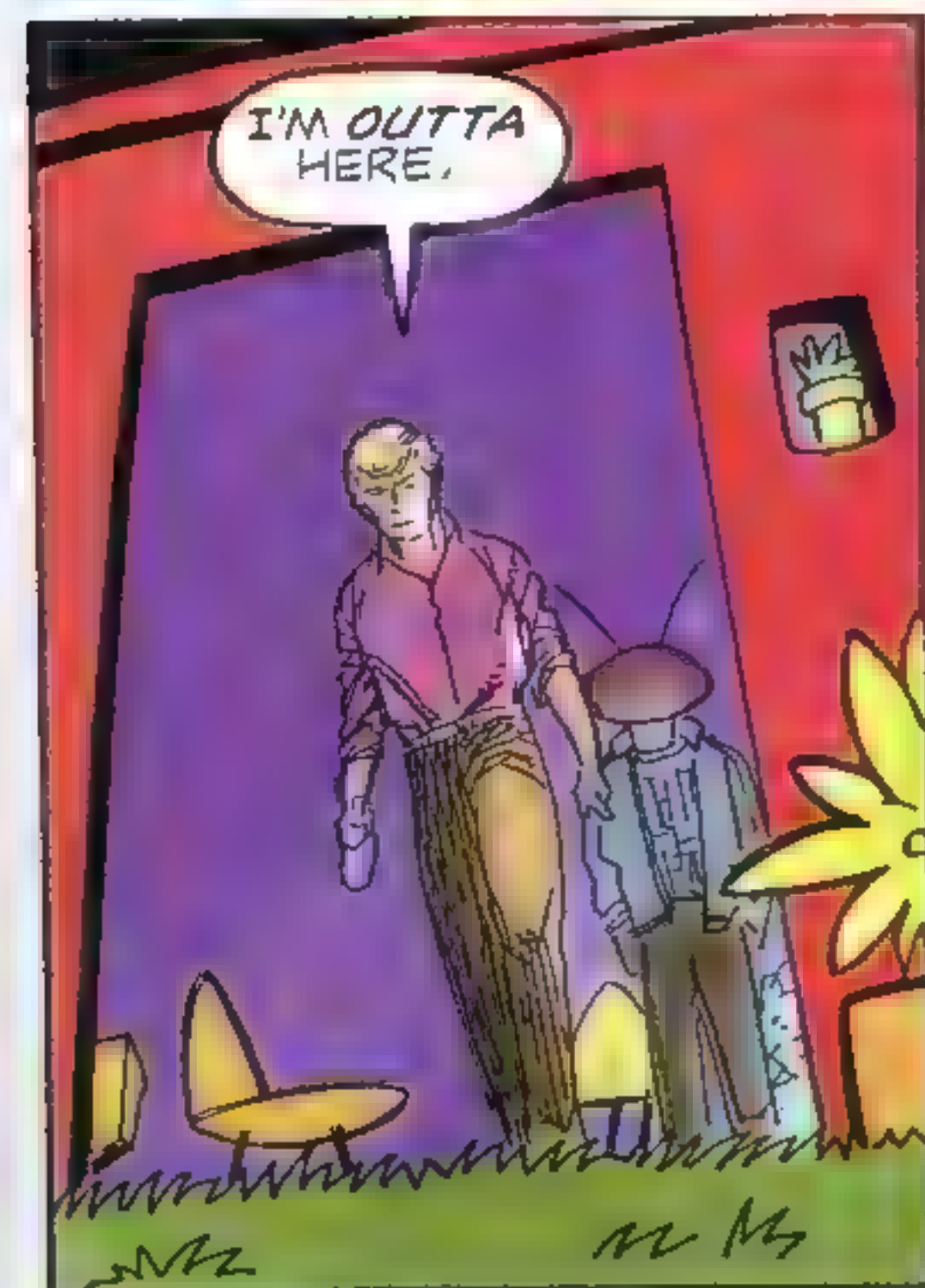
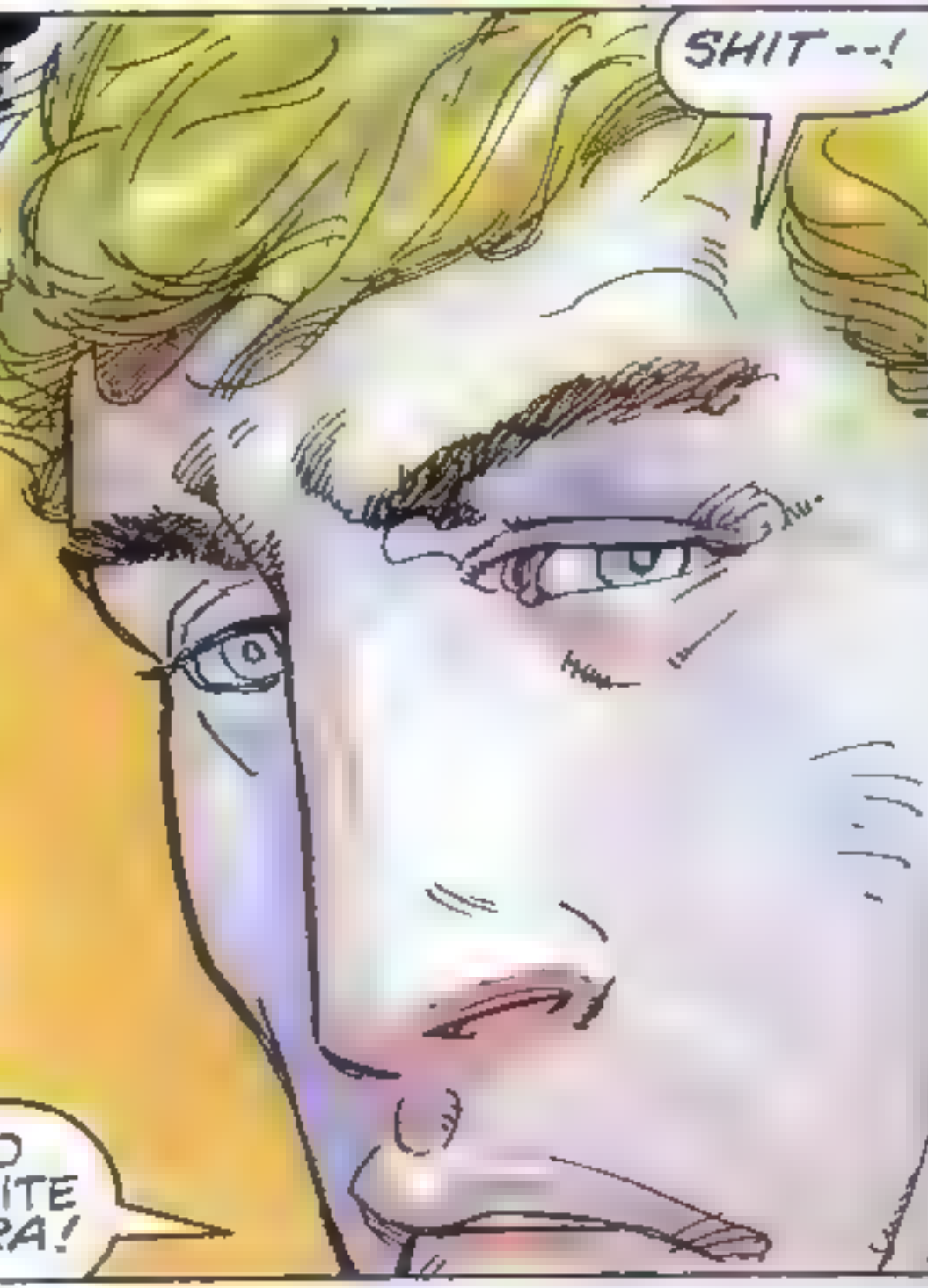
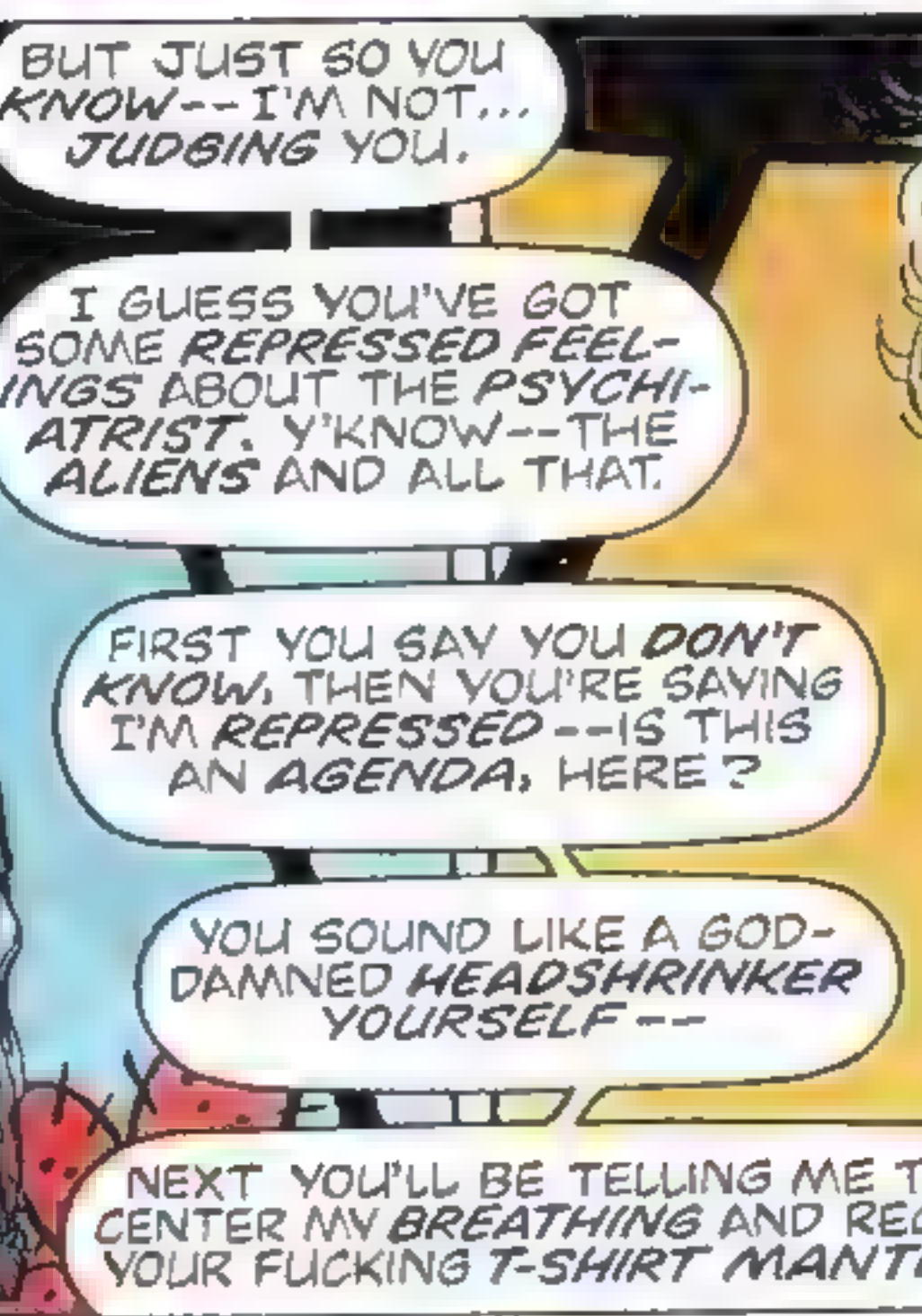
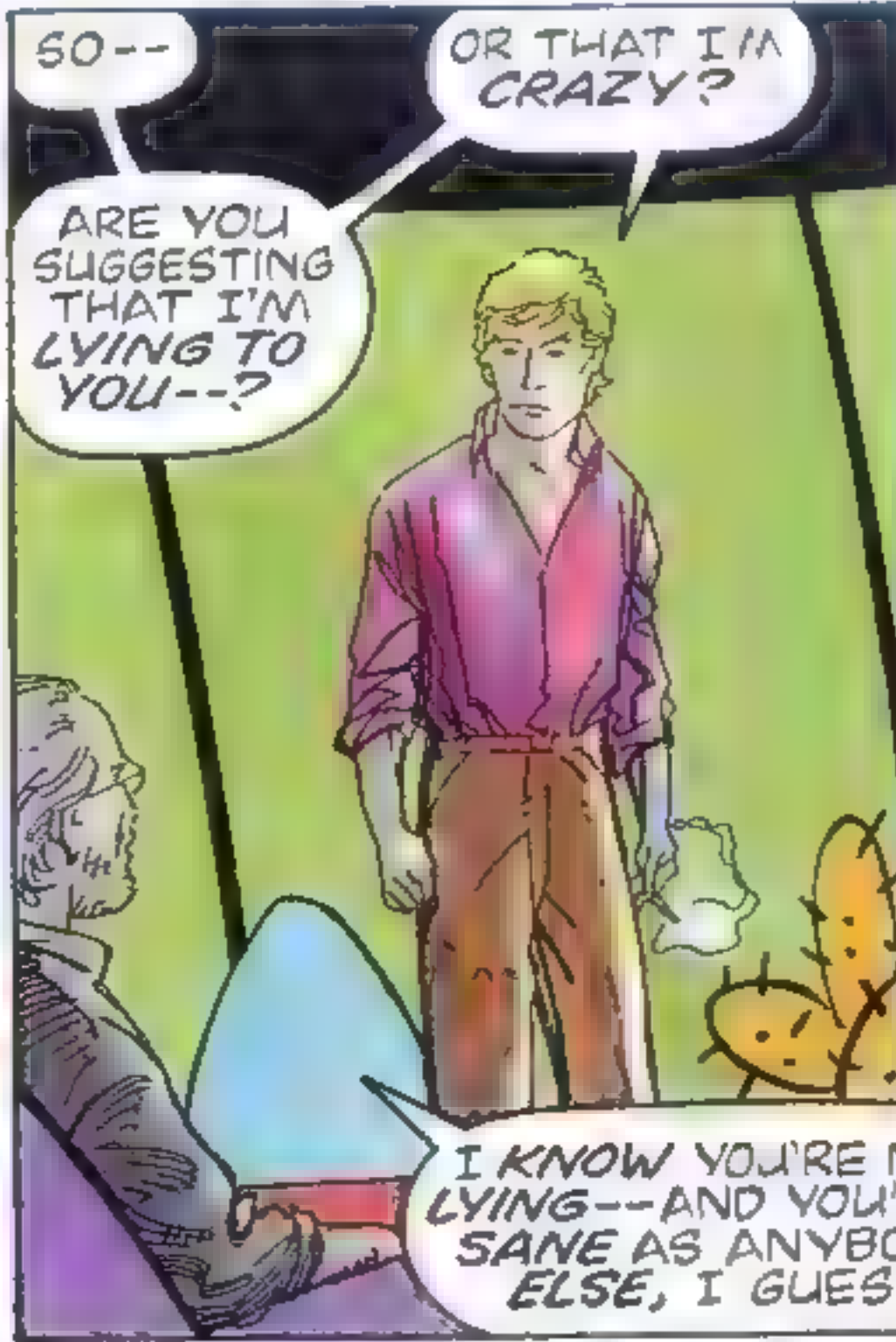
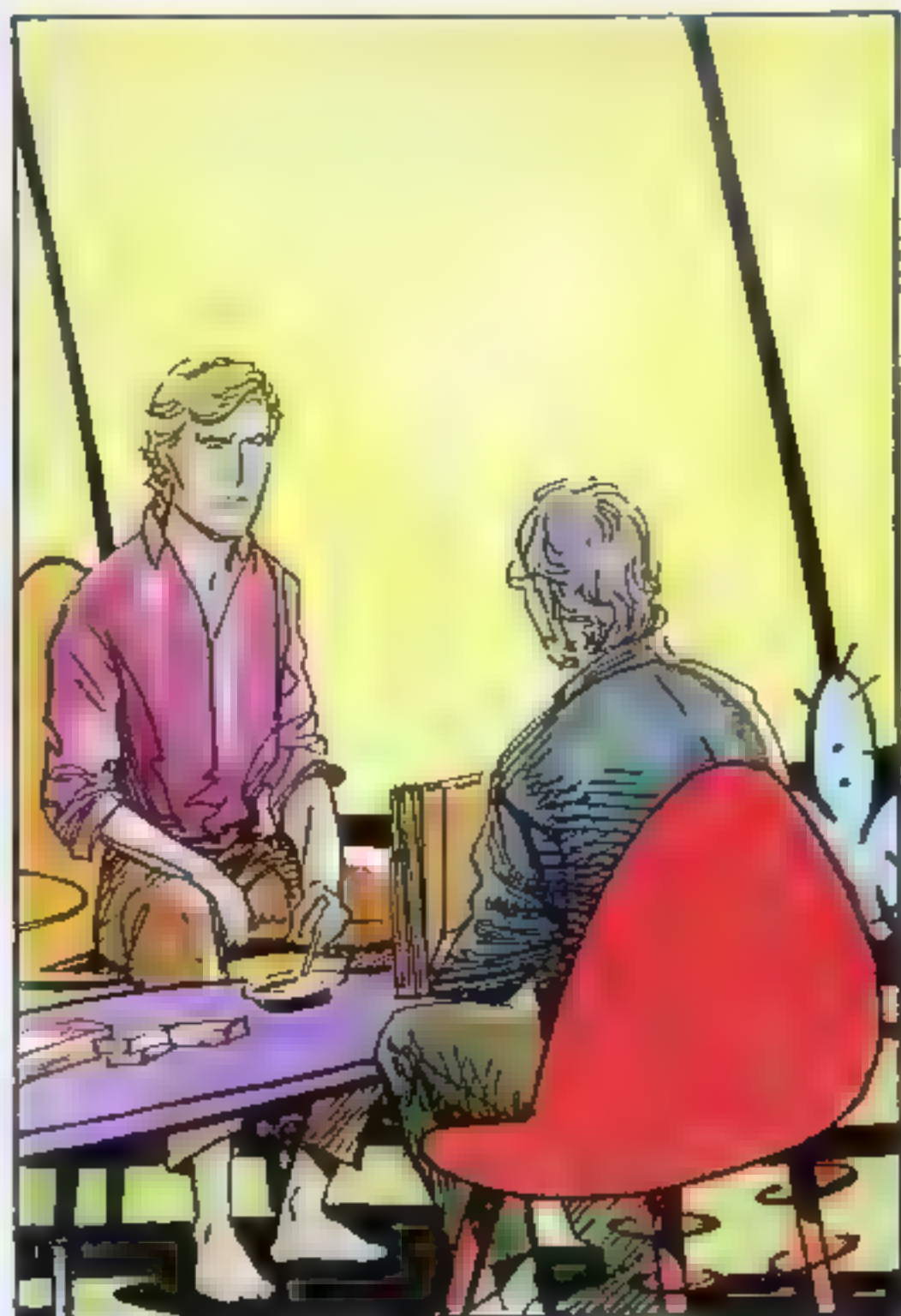
"YOU PUMMEL HER FACE AND
NECK WITH BOTH FISTS--

"YOU FEEL HER THIN
BONES SPLINTERING
INWARD--

"YOUR PENIS IS
SWELLING, PUSHING
AT--

STOP--





--END CHAPTER NINE

PREVIOUSLY IN

Shahariza is at once the most magnificent and the most corrupt city of the ancient worlds. It is fitting therefore that the eternally opposing forces of darkness and the mortal champions of light have converged at this spired epicenter of glory.

The most sinister figure of Shahariza's many legends bears a name unspeakable by lawful decree: that name is Ammon-Gra. A creature of fire and fang, it had all but brought the city to flaming ruin when Axis the Great and his Red Legionnaires strode into the fray and, with many men lost in the hellfire battle, destroyed the beast with raw sinew and steel before seeing it fall into the stygian mass of the Earth's inner belly some thirty years gone.

Today, while Axis enjoys a boozy, lazy retirement from his fighting days, the feared and forbidden name of Ammon-Gra has returned to the lips of a few wary men.

Aran Ana-Kashan, haunted by supernatural visions of Ammon's fiery rebirth, has come to the jeweled city seeking Axis' help to thwart such a dreaded resurrection. But the twice-souled warlock known as Uta-Prime has already set the wheels of new life turning inside the carcass of the once-buried fire beast.

Thus shall the destinies of hero and villain cross when comes their fateful time. 

Just this evening past, Axis learned more of the second coming of Ammon-Gra, for in a gesture of contempt more flagrant than Axis' own thieving spree, Uta-Prime invaded the Kalif's palace in search of sacrificial victims for the bloody revival of the dead monster.

Although Axis seems to take such unspeakable horrors in stride, he cannot disguise his indignation when it comes to a few broken chairs and upturned tables...

THE FREEBOOTERS

FREEBOOTERS

CHAPTER TEN

AAAY--

AAAY!

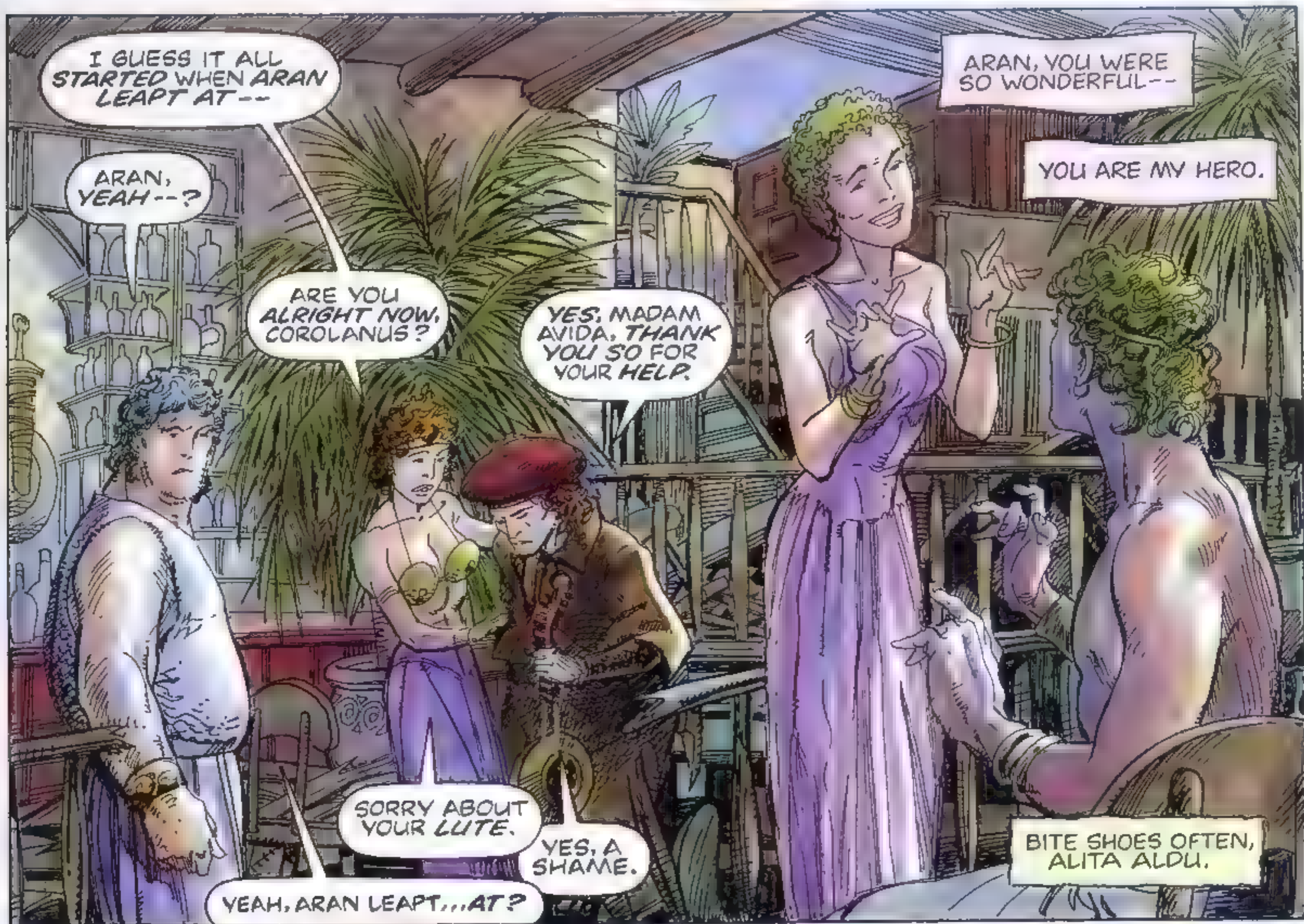
I GO AWAY FOR A
FEW BLISSFUL HOURS OF
QUIET RECREATION...

AND...
AND...

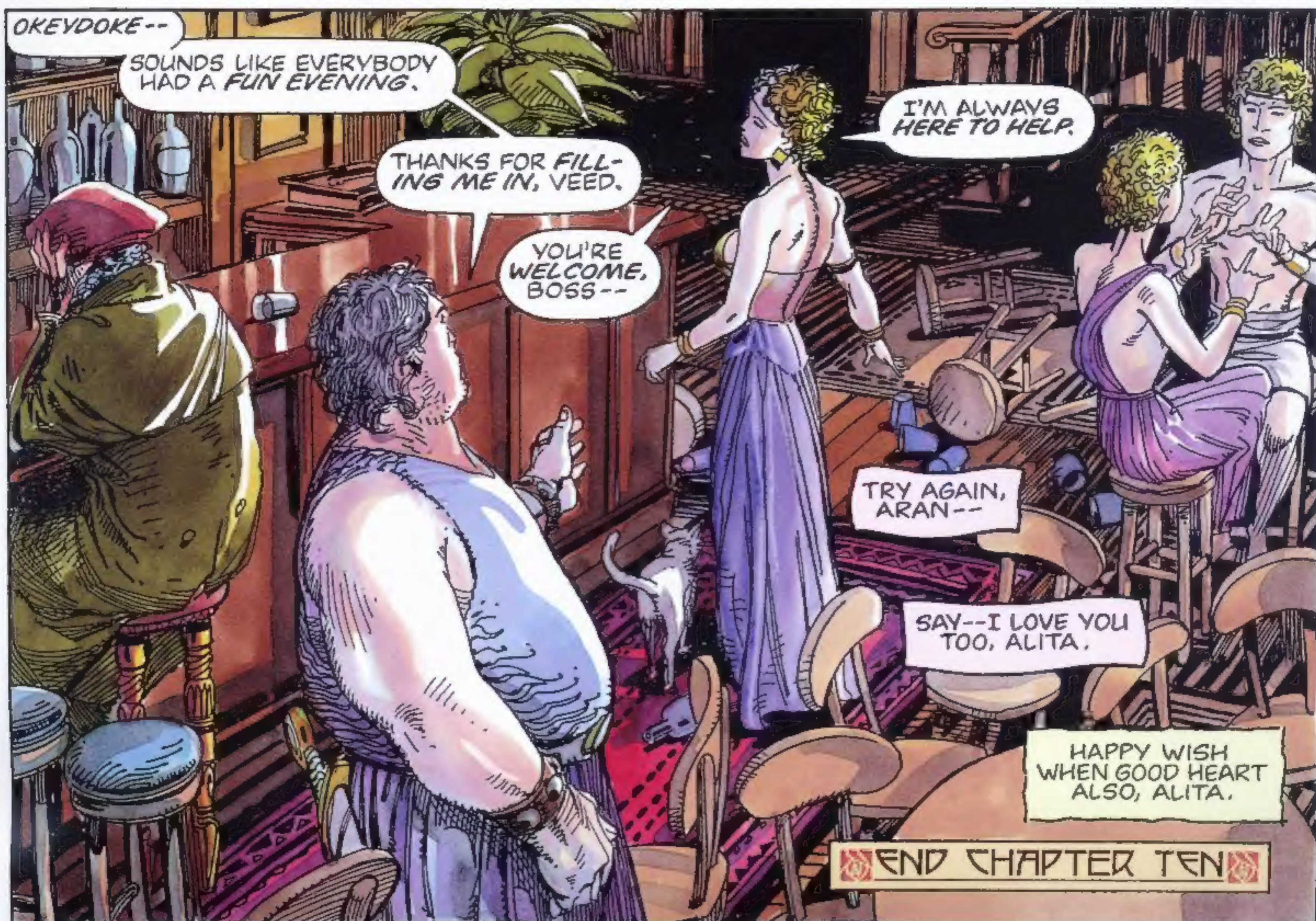
PLEASE, AXIS--
DON'T RUB IT IN...

DON'T
MAKE MATTERS
WORSE.

WHAT HAPPENED
HERE, AVIDA ?







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YOUNG GODS • CHAPTER 10

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 LETTERING — JOON KOSTAR



THE PARADOXMAN • CHAPTER 8

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 FINISHED COLOR — BWS
 LETTERING — JOON KOSTAR



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COMING NEXT ISSUE



THE PARADOXMAN

It's not the distant future or the antediluvian past — the date is 1936 as Tristan Caine relives his first encounter with extraterrestrial beings.

II-V I-IO E-V-IO



YOUNG GODS

Where is Heros? We know he can't be dead, but Destiny is convinced otherwise. It is a time for tragic sorrow as only an Old God can muster. Woe is he.

Where is The Freebooters preview, you're asking yourself. If you haven't yet read my editorial on page 19 of this issue, now's a good time. I have about ninety pages left to bring each story line to a close should STORYTELLER cease to exist with issue 12. It's not possible to finish all three stories in that number of pages, thus I have decided to concentrate on the two titles that I can bring to a certain conclusive state by what could be the last issue. This is a touch-and-go process, dear reader, and nothing is certain at this time, but rest assured I shall keep you informed. Axis says "Hi." —BWS

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